Don Bolles: the muckraker the Mob couldn't buy

Gay parents & their kids • Hollywood's middle-aged macho

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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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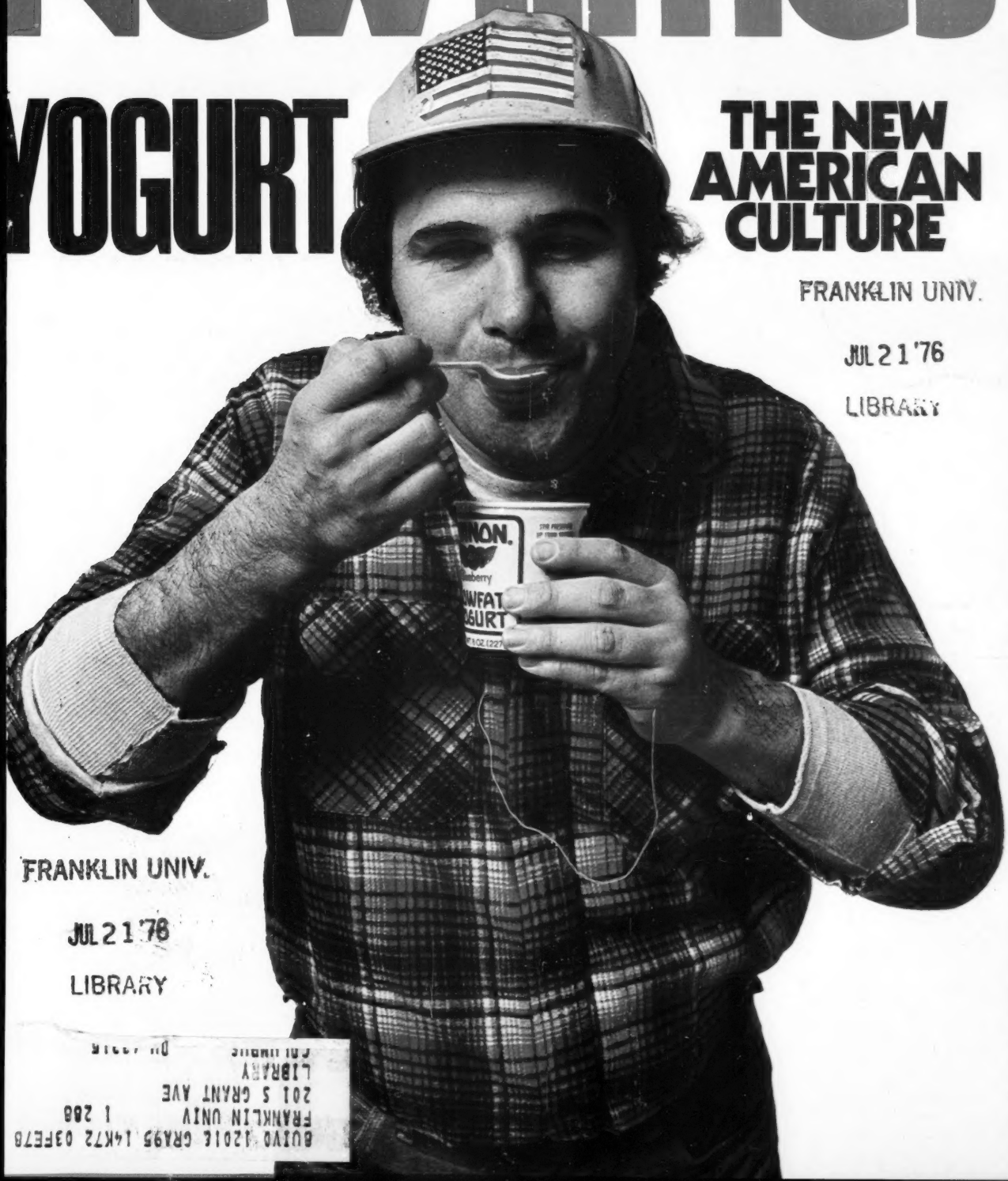

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JULY 23, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2

NewTimes

The reporter who was silenced by the Mob

After a decade of exposing organized crime, an Arizona muckracker decided to call it quits. But Don Bolles couldn't resist one last tip—and it cost him his life.
By Roger Rapoport
Page 22

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT

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Boston's bitter Bicentennial

Wracked by racial violence, Boston—that Brahmin center of culture and charm—is strangling on its own pride and struggling against the freedoms it fought for 200 years ago.
By Andrew Kopkind
Page 31

Parents who are gay

As more and more homosexuals live openly, gay parents are fighting—and winning—the right to raise their children.
By Dolores Klaich
Page 34

Yogurt: Getting into the culture

Once an obscure immigrant food from the wrong part of Europe, yogurt is now America's "all-natural" snack, a 415-million-pound-a-year best seller.
By Judith Hennessee
Page 44

A star is reborn

In the sixties, Hollywood's hottest sex figure was a three digit number—.007. Now, years after turning in his James Bond gear, actor Sean Connery is creating a new, if greying, hero for the seventies: the gritty, honorable—and romantic—older man.
By Marjorie Rosen
Page 56

Letters Page 4

The Ruling Class
The Eastern defense establishment rides again.
By Robert Scheer
Page 6

Fulminations
Jimmy, beware the Thomas E. Dewey decimation system.
By Larry L. King
Page 8

The Insider Page 13

REVIEWS

Rock: Warren Zevon's fine first round
A romantic heart and a cynical eye make a winning combination.
By Kit Rachlis
Page 62

Books: Wrestling with the anaconda
Loyd Little's first novel resurfaces.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 66

Movies: Bisontennial cerebration
Buffalo Bill proves there's no business like Sioux business.
By Richard Corliss
Page 67

Food
The nuttiest butter.
By Ruth Rosenbaum
Page 71

Final Tribute
Like the Good Old Days, the Good Ole Boys are gone.
By John Egerton
Page 72

Now that America has accepted our idea of a sensible small car, maybe you're ready for our idea of a sensible big one.

In 1971, we introduced the Fiat 128 to America.

It was the first car in the world to feature a transverse-mounted, overhead cam engine with front-wheel drive.

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Letters

Sensible sex

Gosh, what a cute article Larry L. King wrote (Fulminations, June 25). But it doesn't work. The problem and the hassle of the big "sex scandal" is not deciding if it's better to have elected officials screwing or squabbling, banging or bombing. The insult is having to *pay* for it, *either* way. What a waste. And what a pity.

Iva L. Turner
Santa Monica, California

Dear God: Why didn't you make everybody as sensible as Larry King?

C.A. Schiff
Miami, Florida

Without challenging Larry King's opinion that 92 percent of the married American males of his acquaintance "hanky-panky," perhaps one may question whether his friends constitute a representative sample. As for King's belief that a constant sexual holiday for all would cure most of the world's ills, I can only wish for him life in the next incarnation as a happy hare in a heavenly hutch.

Betty Caldwell Lyon
Denver, Colorado

Thank you, Larry L. King, for "Doing it," your most fulminating column yet. I thought it my duty (and pleasure) to offset some of the mail you are bound to receive by thanking you for an almost too honest and truthful piece of journalism. That column, coupled with your previous admission to dog-hating, should be enough to make you the W.C. Fields of the print media.

David V. Bianculli
Gainesville, Florida

Savoy's resurgence

I was pleased to see Frank Conroy's interesting article concerning the welcome resurgence of Savoy Records (Jazz, June 25). This was undoubtedly a vitally important label, and its revival is a happy event. However, the statement that "the major labels at that time did not deal with black musicians, a policy that lasted until the early 1950s" makes me wonder how, growing up in London in the 1930s, I managed to acquire the masterpieces of all the giants of jazz.

I am not disputing the importance of Savoy, but for Mr. Conroy to call it "the most important jazz label of all time" is interesting in view of the fact that Armstrong, Ellington, Holiday, Nat Cole and innumerable others never recorded on this label.

Leonard G. Feather
North Hollywood, California

Safe cosmetics

I have just finished reading "Warning: cosmetics may be hazardous to your health" (June 25), and I am pleased that someone has finally brought this problem to light. However, this very informative article offered no alternative. Of course, you realize that the products exposed—shampoos, deodorants, soaps, etc.—are used by millions who are not going to stop using them because there are no substitutes.

I am pleased to know that Maclean's toothpaste, which I use, is dangerous. Now please tell me what to use instead! Who can I write to that can give me a list of common products that *are not* harmful or *less* harmful?

Heidi Carlson
Boulder, Colorado

Editor's Note: As Mr. Welles points out in his article, one of the real problems facing the consumer is that most cosmetics are not known to be safe—in fact, some experts estimate that as much as 90 percent of all cosmetics used haven't yet been tested for safety. If you have questions about a specific cosmetic, you may obtain test results from the Consumers Union, 1714 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, or Empire State Consumer Association, 109 Heather Drive, Rochester, N.Y. 14625. Otherwise, the only way to protect yourself from unsafe cosmetics, according to the FDA's Heinz Eiermann, is to use a product "that is nationally distributed and that has a good reputation, one that is neither too expensive nor too cheap." This method is obviously not foolproof, but it is the best general rule to date.

Professional prole

If Jack Coleman really appreciated the "financial climate" to which he attributes Haverford's inability to award fringe benefits to its permanent part-time faculty, he would abandon his martyr lifestyle of professional man and proletariat to make room for an unemployed victim of the "financial climate" who needs the work. While I admire the man, Coleman's inescapable contradiction comes shining through in your article, "The double life of Jack Coleman" (June 25).

John H. Parnass
Saranac Lake, New York

Outlaw music

Robert Ward's very interesting article about the myths surrounding "Redneck rock" in your June 25 issue skipped over an important point about Waylon Jennings. It was not until after 1973, after a bearded, long-haired and cowboy-vested Kris Kristofferson had demonstrated that there was a lot of loot to be made by bringing nitty-gritty-contemporary-country music to young, hip counterculture audiences that Jennings suddenly blossomed out as an outlaw and began to fish the same waters, so to speak. Until then, he really resembled a greaser from the fifties.

Stacy Anne Lynch
Rexford, New York

I admit that Ward's critical aim was somewhat on target. But, pardner, he missed the broad side of the old barn with the tone and color he used. He painted pitiful and shallow images of the musicians involved (saving possibly Coe). After all, any of us over 25 might have had a "Nashville Bible salesman" appearance even in the late sixties, especially someone Nelson's age. Has he or Waylon really changed that much to gain commercial appeal or have things changed, rendering them more commercially acceptable? I too have scorned country music in the past . . . a past spent in Tennessee, surrounded by it. So it is with solid ground under me that I can truthfully say that Outlaw Music, for any of its faults, is a damn sight better than the disco-laden sounds of top-40 music performed by groups in aluminum-lamé outfits with too much makeup and not enough talent or feeling. I rest my case with a quote from a close musician friend, "Texas went hip without going bisexual."

Nick Hensley
Decatur, Georgia

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ESTHER SATTERFIELD "THE NEED TO BE" ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

Produced by Chuck Mangione

The Ruling Class

Stick with the rednecks/By Robert Scheer

Plains, Georgia—The June 21 *Newsweek* listed a number of "experts" who it said had been called in to prepare Jimmy Carter's transition to presidential power. While riding in Billy Carter's jeep over the red clay back-country roads of southwest Georgia, I asked him about the role of these northeastern establishment figures in his brother's administration. Billy hadn't heard of any of them—not Clark Clifford or Joseph Califano or Cyrus Vance—but he made it quite clear that Jimmy was not supposed to be going to Washington to put back in power the same fellows who have been making such a mess of things.

Other members of Carter's family and staff reacted the same way. After the *Newsweek* report, Jimmy received almost 500 telephone calls and telegrams from his close supporters questioning whether he wasn't selling out his anti-Washington populism. Carter quickly stated that he was in no way committed to those "experts," and switched the supervision of the transition period from Washington to an Atlanta operation headed by Jack Watson, a young member of Carter adviser Charles Kirbo's law firm. "Our Washington people just got enamored with these old farts who know their way around government," a Carter insider says apologetically. "It's pretty heady stuff when Averell Harriman invites you to dinner and gives you lots of suggestions on how to run things."

All of this skittishness points up a real tension within the Carter campaign over whether the anti-Washington sentiment was just so much rhetoric for the primaries, which must now be abandoned to win the general election, or whether Carter does in fact represent a new force. Unfortunately, the chances are that the same sorts of people will end up running the government as have done so in the past, but Carter and his staff still insist that his government reorganization plan will bring in new people—"people who in most instances don't have national reputations, people who are not cynical about what can be done in Washington," as campaign manager Hamilton Jordan puts it. And that attitude makes the Boston-Washington shuttle crowd uneasy. As James Reston reported with some nervousness, Harvard is still waiting for Jimmy to call.

The Eastern establishment is an elusive animal. It has a habit of publicly denying its own existence while privately insisting it is essential to running the government. As long as the "best people" are actually running things, the elite would rather not make an issue of their power or, as they prefer to call it, their obligation. But when they feel set aside, they yelp for attention like so many forlorn mongrels. Most recently, that crowd has felt threatened by the sudden recognition that Jimmy Carter may just turn out to be more redneck populist than slick opportunist. They fear that Carter's Georgia mafia might come and put the torch to the Washington bureaucracy. And that would have a certain public appeal. After all, what makes the establishment experts expert? They have been wrong on most of the great issues of their day.

Organizations like the Brookings Institute, the Council on Foreign Relations or the Committee for Economic Development have traditionally served as governments in exile, preparing the new policies and selecting the personnel for each new administration. Now that's happening to the Carter campaign. The pressure will be on to employ all of those eager "leaders" who need just one more chance to show us their mettle. Almost certainly they will prevail, if only because of their own desperation to get back into the action, but they may have to drain some catfish ponds and eat some grits in the process.

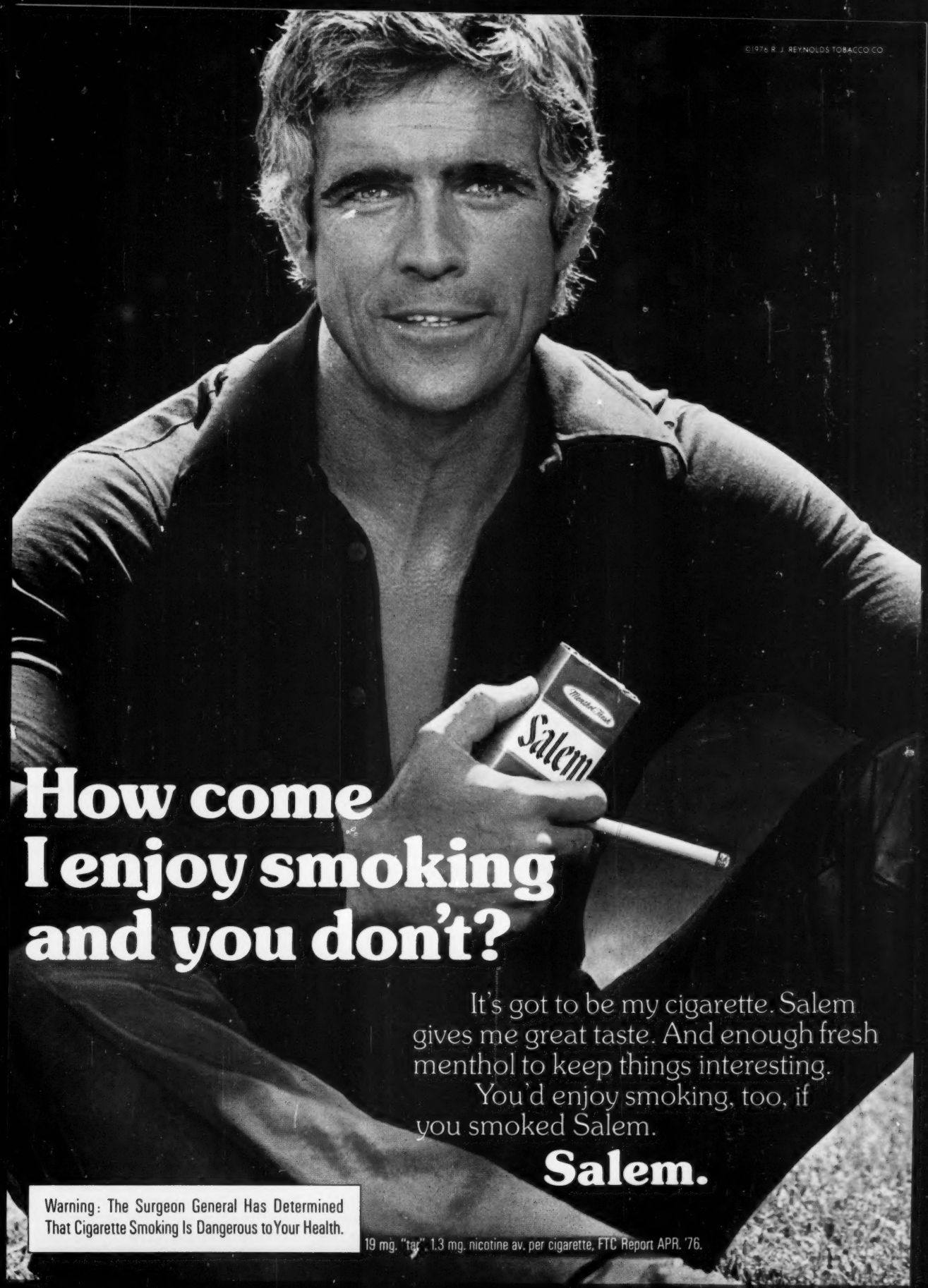
The saving grace of the Georgia mafia that surrounds Carter is their ignorance of the makeup and importance of the northeast corridor political establishment (that and the fact that they drink with the irrepressible abandon of fallen-away Baptists). But one suspects that they like power too much to ignore for long those who have appropriated it by virtue of their social and economic ties. They will also likely succumb to the mystification that policy is hopelessly complex and beyond the grasp of ordinary folk. And yet if Carter cannot resist this pressure, his much vaunted governmental reorganization will become what Jerry Brown has predicted—just a matter of moving the organizational boxes around on the charts.

To date there has been little firm content to Carter's populist anti-Washington aura, particularly in the area of foreign policy. He has been dependent upon the counsel of the old foreign policy elite, beginning in 1972 with his involvement with David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission. The only difference between Carter's foreign policy advisers and Henry Kissinger is that the latter is secretary of state and the others want to be.

Cyrus Vance and friends in 1967: Will Carter turn back to the "experts"?

None of them stands for any serious challenge to the multinational corporations and the defense interests that have set our foreign policy. The hair-splitting differences between a Brzezinski and a Vance and Kissinger derive more from status envy than serious moral or political issues. And some key Carter aides recognize that: "If Cy Vance is up for secretary of state and George Ball is secretary of defense and Brzezinski is head of the National Security Council—then I'll leave Carter," one of his three top aides told me, adding hopefully, "but that ain't gonna happen."

Why doesn't Carter try David Halberstam for secretary of state? At least he would produce more interesting memoirs upon retirement. But if Jimmy Carter cannot bring about more serious change, he should at least require the next secretary of state to go to Plains, Georgia, and explain his foreign policy to the beer drinkers down at Billy Carter's service station before he tries it out on the world. ●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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Fulminations

Welcome, President Carter/By Larry L. King

If you hadn't known New York City was bankrupt, you'd have thought the Democrats were casing it for robbery, so decorously did they slip into town.

No screaming protesters talking ugly of war or racism or poverty impeded their stately procession toward the coronation of King Jimmy. No tanks or gas masks were required. Policemen had few duties beyond keeping order among eager street-hookers who hoped to do to the happy Democrats what the Democrats expect to do to the Republicans in November.

For once, the national Dems had avoided major hair-pullings over the seating of delegates. They had put together a mild platform that extracted grumbles from only a few dutiful old A.D.A. greybeards.

Jimmy Carter hit town beaming like peanuts were going for $14 the short pound, full of catfish and collards and confidence, looking as if he could hardly wait to continue the lofty pronouncements of the primary trail.

Even before the first gavel fell, public opinion polls revealed that Preacher Jimmy would wipe the national floor with either President Bumblefoot or The Actor. Cocky Democrats, chortling over their man's 22-point lead, said: "Hail, even if ol' Jimmy was to drop it, them other bums couldn't pick it up."

All of which reminds me of President Thomas E. Dewey.

The year, children, was 1948. New York's Governor Dewey, too, was a pluperfect shoo-in over a bumbling accidental President, who was seeking a first term in his own right, and who was perceived to be in waters too deep for his head.

Poor old Harry Truman ran in the polls in a dead heat with diphtheria and just behind cancer. There had been a "Dump Truman" movement in the spring; had Harry been one whit less the stubborn Missouri mule, he'd have been out on his Democratic ass.

Labor was mad because he'd threatened to seize the coal mines and the railroads should they strike. Veterans were mad because they couldn't find postwar housing. Housewives were outraged by skyrocketing food prices. Farmers were mad because "the middleman" took their profits. The middleman was mad because Truman taxed him to restore a war-torn world. Patriots were mad because HST labeled the Communist-in-government issue "a red herring." Republicans were mad because it was their nature and job.

Dixiecrats got mad because HST urged a civil rights bill, and bolted to a ticket led by South Carolina's unreconstructed Strom Thurmond. Henry Wallace was mad because Truman had bumped him as Roosevelt's Veep in 1944, and because Harry didn't understand that the Russians were gentle peasants who wanted to be our best friend. He bolted to run on the Progressive ticket.

About the only person not mad at Harry Truman was Thomas E. Dewey. Dewey didn't have time to get mad. He had a cabinet to choose. When an aide grumbled that Dewey was too fussy about his speeches, the Next President snapped that his words would be examined by historians and Fulbright and a Detroit daily were among those suggesting that HST go ahead and resign. *Life* magazine flatly designated Dewey as the "Next President." H.L. Mencken wrote that Truman's Vice-Presidential designate, Senator Alben Barkley, whooped for HST with "the general air of a country parson preaching the funeral service of a parishioner plainly bound for Hell." Pollster Elmo Roper, two months before the election, sniffed that Dewey was so far ahead he wouldn't waste time on additional soundings.

HST whistle-stopped, talking tough and giving 'em hell. He called the Republican "Do-Nothing" 80th Congress into session to prove it would do nothing, which it promptly did. The press wrote that Truman drew large crowds because the people wanted to eyeball a President in the flesh, but agreed not many would vote for him.

WIDE WORLD

always must do credit to the dignity of the highest office. Those speeches carried titles like "The Challenge of Tomorrow" and "America's Future in the Atomic Age." They offered such hard-hitting observations as "We must use the water we have wisely and well" and "America's future is still ahead of us."

Dewey complained that unseemly "quarreling and bickering" by Democrats not only was undignified but also made America look rudderless in the world's eyes. If he recommended "unity" once, he did it a jillion times. You'd have thought "unity" was better than Panama Red or Tijuana Gold.

The Alsop Brothers, who didn't even smoke, wrote that Dewey's cabinet members should enter the government as "special assistants" before the election so as to provide a smooth transition. Senator William

GOP National Chairman Hugh Scott got nervous and advised Dewey to take off the kid gloves and come down off the high road of platitudes. Dewey refused to "get in the gutter" with HST and, what's more, said he would not once mention Truman's name. This was dumb-ass in the extreme, HST allegedly being so unpopular the electorate should have been reminded of him by bullhorns even as it slept.

It is a matter of record that "President" Dewey died without ever having assumed office. The only people who remember what he said are those of us required to look it up.

Don't you good Democrats worry about it, though: hail, it ain't nothin' but history. Go on and drank that sweet Georgia pablum and have a great time here in Fun City, ya heah? Above all, keep smiling. ●

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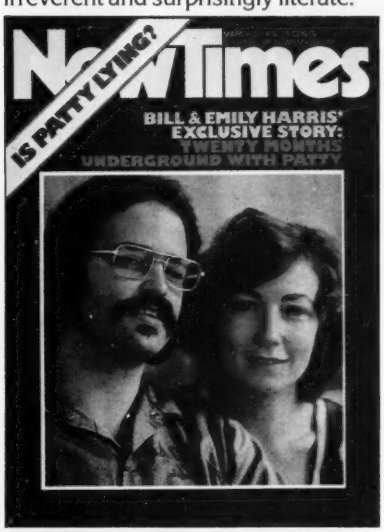


William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of story-tellers." To good old Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

So be it. NEW TIMES makes things happen. We aren't afraid to tell all the truth we can get our hands on. We turn over rocks. We make waves. We yell bloody murder. Troublemakers? You're damn right.

Remember, folks, you saw it first...

A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

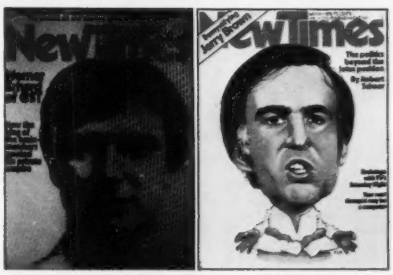
We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world those little aerosol cans could be the death of us all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

What's happening around here?

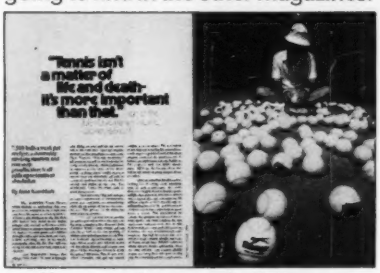
NEW TIMES, more than any other magazine, is plugged into now. It's the magazine of what's happening, and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and all manner of rare new ideas.

We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana...tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's



drowning us all...dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale...dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a country fair...looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions...ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks...found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders...

And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.



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New Times
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Reserve your own quiet corner.
Mix your next martini with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum martini

For the moment, the crowd is somewhere else, drinking gin or vodka out of habit. And that suits you fine. It lets you concentrate on being you. Which means drinking a drink that starts out smooth and stays that way—the white rum martini.

White rum looks, for all the world, like gin or vodka. But the first sip proclaims its distinctiveness. That unusual smoothness is the result of aging, required by Puerto Rican law. Gin and vodka, on the other hand, are not aged at all. Not so much as a day.

And since 84% of the rum sold in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico, Americans seem to like what aging does for a drink.

So let white rum smooth out all the drinks you used to make with gin or vodka. It won't be long before you find the crowd in your corner.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For free party booklet, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NT-1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Investigating Jimmy Carter/A medical report on Earth Shoes

Politics

Is waste a waste?

We've reported on Senator William Proxmire's flare for uncovering wasteful government spending. Now one recipient of a Proxmire Golden Fleece Award is trying to turn the tables. Prof. Ronald Hutchinson of Kalamazoo, Michigan, got his award for spending $500,000 in taxpayer money to determine the conditions under which rats, monkeys and humans bite and clench their jaws. "The good doctor has made a fortune from his monkeys and in the process made a monkey out of the American taxpayer," Proxmire said. Hutchinson responded by filing a $6 million libel and slander suit.

The feisty doctor, however, doesn't have much credibility. Following his Fleece award, a Michigan State audit turned up evidence that Hutchinson had been involved in a number of illegal actions, including selling melted down federal surplus gold welding rods as heirloom gold. For that, he lost his job in a Michigan hospital.

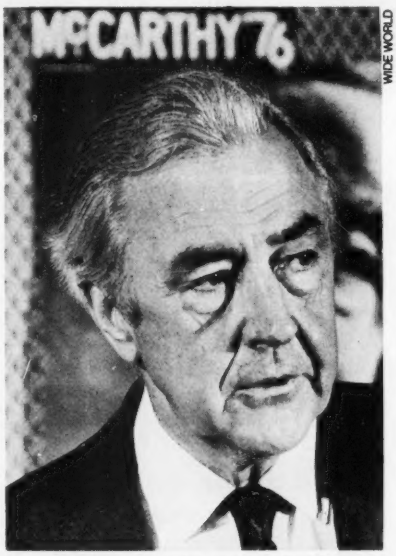
Understandably anxious to protect their colleague, a Senate committee recently voted to pay all of Proxmire's legal fees in the suit, and the full Senate is expected to go along shortly. The only catch is that the lawyers' fees will begin at $80 to $100 an hour, and could run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thus the irony: what began as news to taxpayers about how they're being fleeced may end up costing more than the fleece itself.

WIDE WORLD

Proxmire: fleeced

McCarthy: what's left

Although virtually no one is paying much attention to Gene McCarthy's independent campaign for president, there's a possibility he could be the spoiler in a very close Carter-Ford or Carter-Reagan race. Supporters of the former Minnesota senator claim he has already qualified for a spot on 9 state ballots, has petitions circulating in 8 other states and plans petition drives in 22 more. And if nothing else, McCarthy may serve to keep Carter from inching to the right as the campaign progresses.



WIDE WORLD

McCarthy: independent factor

Trick or treat

It just so happened that one of our correspondents was sitting in the Washington, D.C., offices of the Federal Elections Commission at 10:30 a.m. on June 30, when two employees of the Republican National Committee blithely signed in. Their mission, as our alert correspondent discovered by listening to their conversation, was to explore documents relating to Jimmy Carter's past.

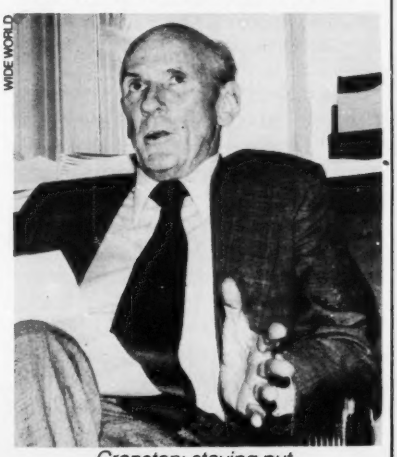
In the midst of their FEC visit, the two employees made a phone call back to the Republican National Committee, apparently to report on their progress. The phone discussion centered on Carter's 1974 tenure as chairman of the National Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee—and specifically on Carter's travel schedule and his disbursement of funds during that time. The employees were anxious to find out about money disbursed to specific people, including Jim Sasser, former chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in Tennessee. They also expressed curiosity about what Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager, had been doing in Manchester, New Hampshire, on August 10, 1974.

Before hanging up, the employees assured committee officials that, as instructed, they were Xeroxing the latest list of salary payments to Carter's presidential campaign staff—so that each of the names on the list could be "investigated." Watch out, Jimmy.

Resisting vice

Although most of the Democrats who have been mentioned as vice-presidential possibilities are salivating at the possibility, there's at least one who hasn't let pure ambition cloud his better instincts. The vice-presidency, after all, has about as many significant functions as Liz Ray did in her position with Wayne Hays.

Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) found out he was being considered for the vice-presidency by reading a recent *Wall Street Journal*. After confirming the fact with Senator Joe Biden (D-Del.), chairman of Carter's National Steering Committee, Cranston promptly wrote Carter saying thanks, but no thanks. Just to make sure everyone got the point, Cranston issued a press release: "The most important thing I can do in my life, I believe, is to continue to contribute to



WIDE WORLD

Cranston: staying put

WHILE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR OWN HORNS ROAD TEST MAGAZINE NAMED SUBARU "LINE OF THE YEAR."

Of all the cars in the world, Road Test thinks our cars are out of this world.

They said so in their April issue. Where for the first time they honored an entire line of cars.

And we believe you'll like what Road Test liked about our cars.

A PRICE THAT ISN'T HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

The price of our 2 door sedan is $2899.* And our other models are slightly higher but just as economical.

That's because the price of every Subaru includes front wheel drive, power front disc brakes, radial tires, rack and pinion steering, reclining bucket seats and a lot more as standard equipment.

CARS THAT CAN NURSE A DRINK.

All our cars make a little go a long way. For example, according to EPA test estimates, the manual transmission Subaru sedans delivered 39 highway and 29 city miles on a gallon of regular.**

Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you might have. But with gas prices what they are today, it will be a long time before your Subaru or your wallet goes from full to empty.

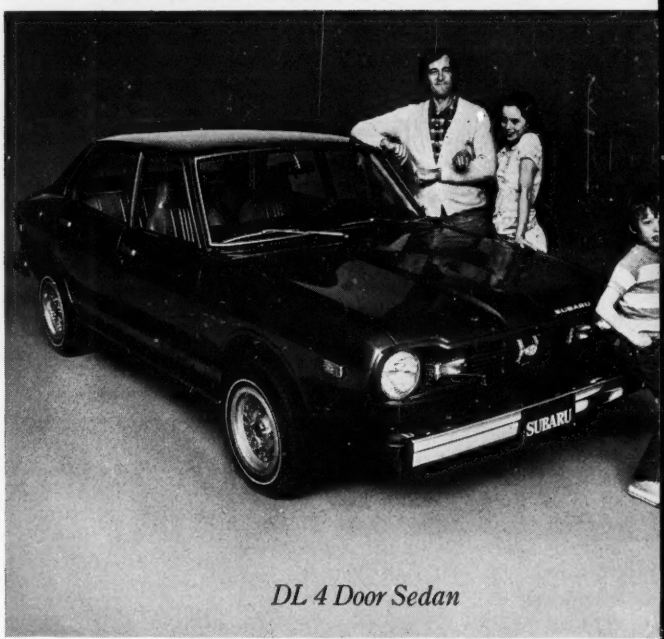
AN ENGINE PERFECTLY TIMED FOR TODAY.

Each Subaru is equipped with the SEEC-T engine. An engine that burns so clean it doesn't need expensive add-on emission control devices like catalytic convertors, air pumps and air metering systems.

In fact, Road Test felt our approach to the emissions problem was such a breath of fresh air they gave the SEEC-T engine their Fresh Air Award.

FRONT WHEEL DRIVE KEEPS US AHEAD OF MOST ECONOMY CARS.

With front wheel drive standard on every Subaru, better handling and stability are standard too. Because the wheels that drive our cars also steer them. And the weight of the engine is over the front wheels, for better traction.



DL 4 Door Sedan

IN ADDITION TO ECONOMY, WE OFFER VARIETY.

Our line includes seven models. Many available with either 4-speed, 5-speed, or automatic transmission. And the only passenger car that's at home on the road and off the beaten path: the 4 Wheel Drive Station Wagon.

Test drive a Subaru.

You'll see why when it came to naming a car line of the year, Road Test gave Subaru the right of way.

SUBARU

THE ECONOMY CAR FOR TODAY'S ECONOMY.

**Total POE—not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Some exterior accessories on cars pictured are extra cost options.*

***California mileage figures are 34 highway and 24 city miles.*

4 Wheel Drive Wagon

2 Door Sedan

DL 2 Door Sedan

DL Sport Coupe

DL Station Wagon

GF Hardtop

the restoration of the strength and vitality of Congress so that it, and particularly the Senate, may fulfill its constitutional role in the support and hence the limitation of power in our government."

Such gibberish notwithstanding, close associates report that Cranston really does view the vice-presidency as one of the worst jobs imaginable. "He doesn't even want to play games with it," explains an aide.

Foreign relations

Come August, a select group of senators and high level staff aides are planning to take off on a congressional trip to the People's Republic of China. So desirable is the trip that there is even a senator, Gary Hart of Colorado, who has not been able to get an invitation.

Why, then, are the names Mr. and Mrs. Tazewell Shepard Jr. on the trip's passenger list? Simple. Mrs. Shepard happens to be the daughter of Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman John Sparkman (D-Ala.). The senator is apparently unfazed by the notion of sending relatives on a vacation underwritten by the taxpayers. One person we expect will be fazed, however, is Senator Hart. "He's told everyone he could think of that he'd love to go on the trip," an aide told us. We suggest Hart give John Sparkman a call.

Here comes the judge

Texans have a thing about names. Jesse James, for instance, has been state treasurer for generations. Then there was the Dallas tax assessor named Warren G. Harding. The name Yarborough may not count for much outside Texas, but within the state it is synonymous with the firebrand liberal politics of former U.S. Senator Ralph Yarborough, and of Dan Yarborough, who ran for governor in 1968.

Thus it surprised almost nobody when one Don Yarbrough entered the Democratic primary for the Texas Supreme Court last month and won handily. The next day, however, he told a press conference that God had instructed him to run and that, as the newest Justice, he intended to base his decisions more on the Bible than on state law. That's when most voters realized they had elected the wrong man. Don spells his name without the extra "o" and is a 35-year-old Houston attorney with no previous judicial experience. His principal accomplishment seems to be that he's the defendant in 16 lawsuits with allegations ranging from gross negligence to fraud.

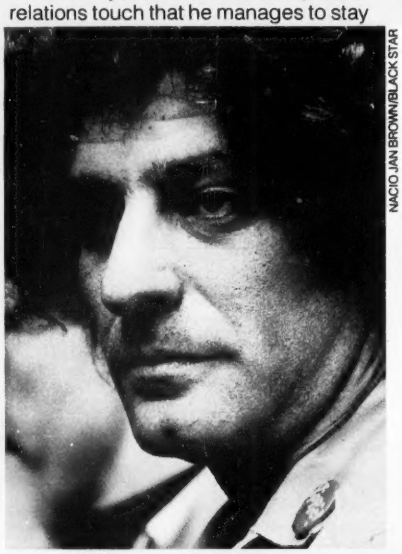
Meanwhile Dan Yarborough is rueing his decision not to enter any state races. "I could have been elected God," he noted cleverly. "Where were all those voters when I needed them?" Since Republicans didn't post a nominee for the Supreme Court this year, candidate Yarbrough's election will be unopposed in November.

There is one remaining hope: a write-in candidate. A group of Texas lawyers even think they have their man. He's a State District Court judge—named Sam Houston.

The Word

Breaking ground

So uncanny is Abbie Hoffman's public relations touch that he manages to stay more visible underground than most of us do aboveground. While Anita, his aboveground wife, is out publicizing their book of love letters, Abbie has shown part of his autobiography to at least one New York agent. In addition, he's been meeting with a number of journalists and, according to one account, with Chicago 7 co-defendant Jerry Rubin.



NACIO JAN BROWN/BLACK STAR

Hoffman: the way he was

Most recently, at the memorial concert for Phil Ochs at Madison Square Garden in May, a taped dirge was played exhorting the crowd to "carry on" in Ochs' tradition. It was announced that the message had been sent by Abbie. As it turned out, Abbie happened to be sitting in the crowd of 4,500 himself.

Making a racket

If Jimmy Connors can play lucrative challenge matches in Las Vegas, then why not an even grander tennis promotion? Consider:

During the just completed Wimbledon tournament, a meeting was held between representatives from British Airways, Rolls Royce and an American promoter named George Gordon. Negotiations centered on an "Intercontinental Tennis Tournament." Four players would compete, with the semifinals to be held in London and the finals in Washington, D.C.—both on the same day. At the conclusion of the first matches, the winners would be whisked from London to Washington in four hours, by Concorde. For his efforts, the winner would get $100,000 and a Rolls Royce, the runner-up a Rolls Royce and an undetermined amount of cash. Players for the first match would be comprised of the current champions from Europe, Britain and the U.S., plus the Wimbledon titleholder, Bjorn Borg.

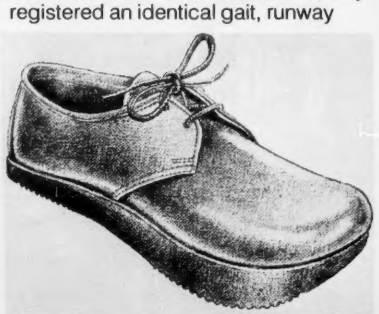
If the event can be pulled off successfully, the same promoters have Moscow-New York, Paris-Palm Beach and Tokyo-Melbourne follow-up tournaments on the intercontinental drawing boards.

Mind & Body

I don't feel the Earth move

Last year Slow Down sleuth James Kunen investigated the merits of Earth Shoes—the hip footwear with the minus-heel design. He called a series of foot specialists and although no formal studies had been conducted, the doctors told him they saw no evidence for the company's claims that its Earth Shoe design improves posture, strengthens muscles or facilitates deep breathing.

Now a West Coast orthopedist has conducted a formal study and determined that there just isn't much to distinguish Earth Shoes from traditional footwear. Dr. Roger Mann, director of the orthopedic foot lab at Crippled Children's Hospital in San Francisco, filmed and electrically monitored 14 volunteers as they tred on a pressure-sensitive runway. They were tested in Earth Shoes, barefoot and in tennis shoes; in each case, they registered an identical gait, runway

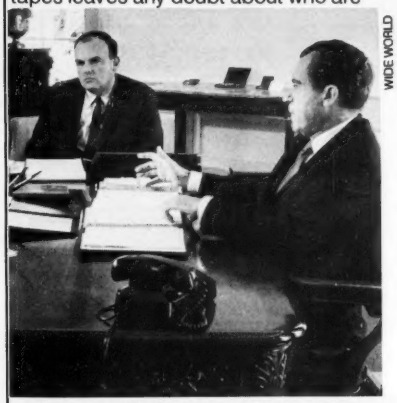


foot pressure and ankle flexion.

"I expected a noticeable difference," Dr. Mann commented, "but there wasn't anything." However, after three weeks of wearing Earth Shoes, ten of the volunteers did report pain in the heel or metatarsal bone. Dr. Mann still doesn't oppose wearing Earth Shoes. As long as they don't hurt, he says, they have the advantage of a wide toe area.

Voicing concern

In case the evidence on the Watergate tapes leaves any doubt about who are



WIDE WORLD

Nixon and Ehrlichman: talk is cheap

the *real* villains, a University of Maryland psychiatrist has done an analysis of the speech patterns of the principals in the White House transcripts. Dr. William Weinraub's study confirms much of what we already suspected.

Richard Nixon's excessive use of negative terms such as "never" implies a tendency to deny unpleasant aspects of reality, says Weinraub. Nixon's conversation also reveals impulsivity (the tendency to reverse stands already taken), dogmatism and little attempt at careful reasoning. Likewise, H.R. Haldeman is negative and dogmatic, and shows particularly little concern with distinguishing right from wrong, or considering any human dimensions to problems. "I've never seen a transcript so devoid of expressions of feelings," commented Weinraub.

John Ehrlichman shares the dogmatic voice quality of his colleagues, but was judged by Weinraub less negative and impulsive than Nixon or Haldeman. Fittingly, perhaps, John Dean has the most salutary speech qualities. He explains his positions more fully than the other three, giving his conversation an intellectual flavor. He also uses fewer negatives than anyone but Ehrlichman.

Despite their wide differences, Weinraub added, none of the four men showed any signs of paranoia or mental disturbance. Whew.

The sounds of silence

The search for a contraceptive safer than the Pill has yielded its share of unlikely alternatives, but Ultrasound may take the cake.

The brainchild of University of Missouri biologist Mostafa Fahim, Ultrasound is a pitch of such high frequency that it cannot be heard. It produces energy waves that doctors have been using diagnostically and therapeutically for years.

Dr. Fahim, reporting his findings in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, decided that if the sound waves penetrated the testicles, they might interfere with spermatogenesis. When tests on dogs and monkeys confirmed his hunch, Fahim tried Ultrasound on humans. He had five male volunteers sit in chairs with their testicles suspended in a water-filled cup. Ultrasound waves were then directed into the cup for 15 minutes. Subsequent exams showed that the treatment decreased spermatogenesis enough to make the men infertile. No deleterious side effects turned up, and normal sperm production resumed after a few weeks.

Keep your fingers crossed that Ultrasound contraception holds up under the further tests it will require. Birth control aside, the volunteers reported that the Ultrasound method *feels* good.

Hazards may be dangerous to your health

It's comforting to know that the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has the nation's physical well-being firmly in mind. OSHA recently issued a booklet entitled "Safety with Beef Cattle," produced through a consulting contract with Purdue University. The booklet included these helpful safety hints to farmers:

- •Don't fall.
- •Be careful that you do not fall in manure pits.
- •Put up signs and fences to keep people away.
- •Bare feet or sneakers are not safe around cattle.
- •When floors are slippery with manure, you could have a bad fall.
- •Hazards are one of the main causes of accidents.

And lest another kind of accident should occur, OSHA is also proposing to Congress the following regulation: within 5 minutes' walking distance of any point on a farm, there must be an outhouse. In other words, an agribusiness farm of 20,000 acres would require about 125 outhouses. Sounds a bit crowded, huh?

Media

All the news that's unfit to print

For several years, the *Detroit News* has been steadily losing circulation to its slicker and snappier arch-rival, the *Detroit Free Press*. Intent on taking the problem by its horns, *Detroit News* news editor Mike McCormick recently sent a memo to his key assistants. Its purpose was to "provide a philosophy for news stories and headlines on Page One" —and its message was rather blunt:

"We are aiming our product at the people who make more than $18,000 a year and are in the 28-40 age group," it began. "Keep a lookout for, and play well, the stories city desk develops and aims at this group. They should be obvious: they won't have a damn thing to do with Detroit and its internal problems." As a "fine

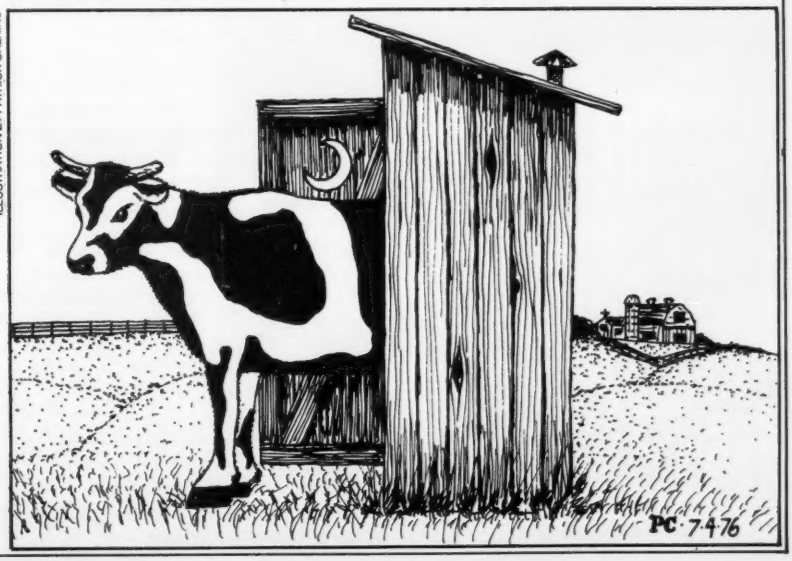


ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

example," McCormick cited a front-page column that detailed an assault and rape on a couple in Detroit. "It was an example of just the horrors that are discussed at suburban cocktail parties. . . . Look for sex, comedy and tragedy. . . if we get them talking about our product, I think circulation will pop. Up!"

Crude as the directive may have been, it probably wouldn't have caused any flap had disgruntled Guild members at the *News* not leaked a copy to Detroit Mayor Coleman Young. The mayor promptly called a press conference. "Nobody expects the *Detroit News*, or any of the news media, to flak for the city. . . . But trying to titillate suburban cocktail parties with front page horror stories is not the proper role of the press."

The *News*, in turn, ran Young's comments on page 1, along with a woefully weak justification for the memo's content by editor Martin Hayden and a promise that "we will supply our Detroit subscribers with more detailed news on their city than any other publication." In the meantime, *News* editors have learned at least one lesson: never put it in writing.

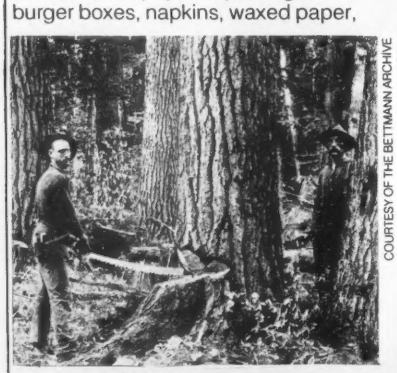
Seventies

Logging Costs

Just how many trees does it require to provide the decorative but generally unnecessary packaging that comes with the food at take-out restaurants?

Recently, we came across some rather overwhelming packaging statistics on one of our perennial favorites: McDonald's. According to Professor Bruce M. Hannon, an engineer working out of the University of Illinois Center for Advanced Computation, "It takes the sustained yield of 630 square miles of forest to keep McDonald's supplied with paper packaging for one year." Counting the cost of packaging the packaging, the average customer used an average of 2.4 ounces of paper cups, bags, burger boxes, napkins, waxed paper, plastic straws, lid covers and the like.

Hannon also estimates that McDonald's used the energy equivalent of 25.4 million tons of coal last year, or about 2.1 pounds per customer. "That's enough energy to keep the cities of Pittsburgh, Boston, Washington, D.C., and San Francisco supplied with electrical power for two entire years," says the researcher, who began doing his computations in 1971. He emphasizes that the whole packaging concept, more than McDonald's itself, is to blame. "They're probably no worse than Burger Chef, Big Boy, Wimpy's, White Castle, Dairy Queen, Burger King and all the others. All are guilty of great waste of material and energy resources."



COURTESY OF THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Before the packaging

Making the grade

College grades, which have been spiraling upward in the last few years, may also be plummeting in significance to potential employers. A recent survey of 475 Indiana employers revealed that they considered grades only the ninth most important factor in hiring college graduates. The most important factors were work experience, personal appearance and communication skills. Grades were also outranked by recommendations from former employers, career goals, college major and the years of college completed. The chief suggestion made to liberal arts and education majors looking for jobs was predictably pragmatic: 80 percent of the employers agreed that taking business and technical courses—accounting, business management, finance, marketing, statistics, etc.—would enhance applicants' chances of employment.

Full of it

There's quite a trade in natural resources these days. First pet rocks were the rage, and now a Vermont environmental engineer, acting on an inspiration he got in the middle of a cold March night, has begun selling air.

Yup, air. John Bramblett of North Fayston, Vermont, has already sold more than 1,000 cans of "Vermont Green Mountain Air" to clever consumers who have seen it advertised in magazines. Instructions on the $2.00 cans read "Tilt can toward nose and inhale deeply. To simulate mountain air on a winter day, place in freezer for one hour prior to inhalation."

For further information, write The Insider. We're only charging $1.50 for our own hot air.

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THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.)

Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. Tape to tape. Year to year. Wherever you buy it.

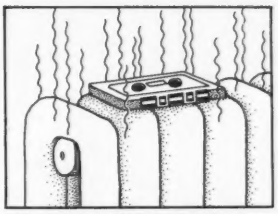
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a problem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

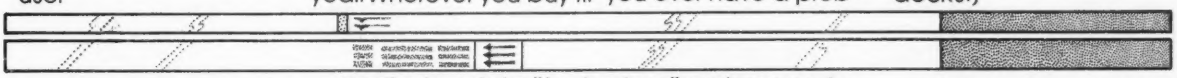


Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

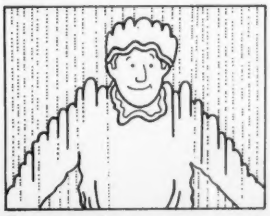
(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.



Every employee, vacuumed.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.

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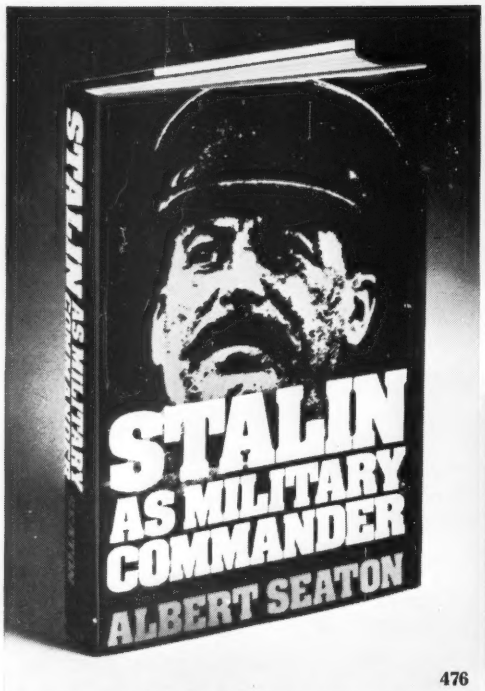
26 engrossing books of



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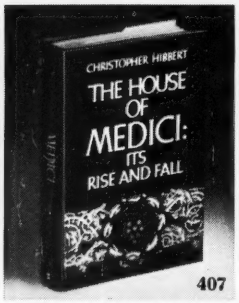

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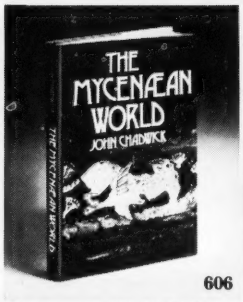

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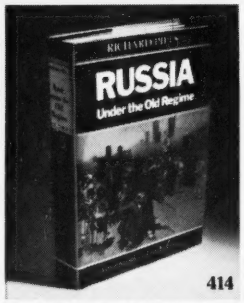

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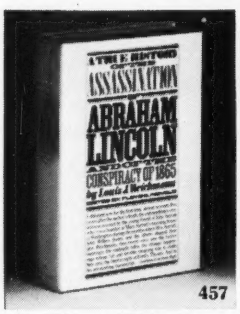

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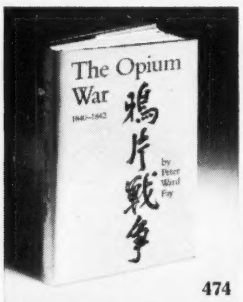

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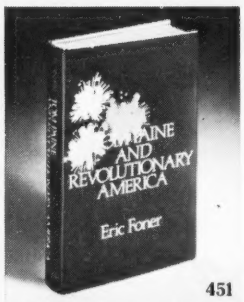

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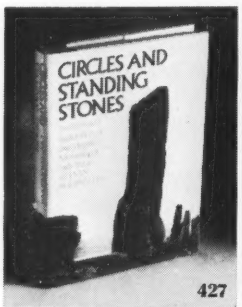

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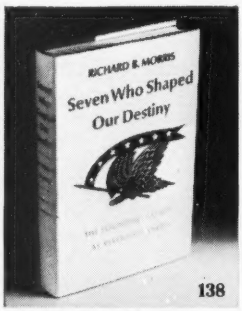

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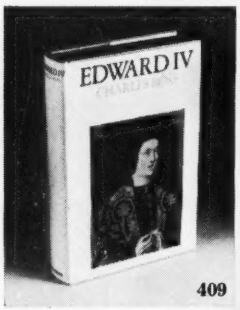

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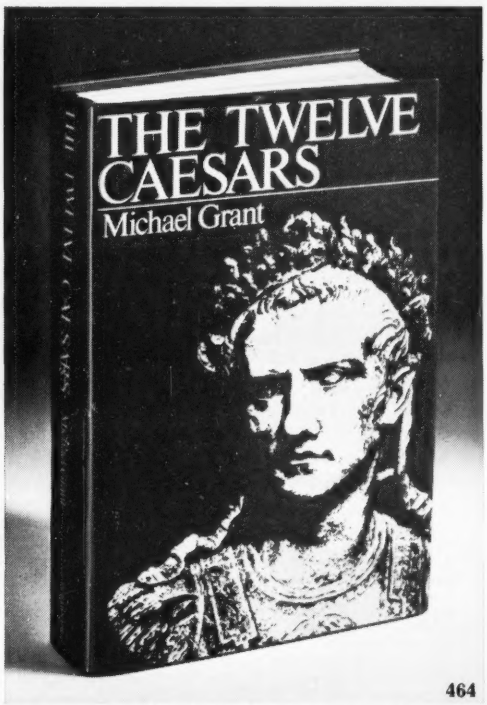

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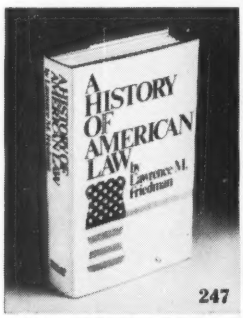

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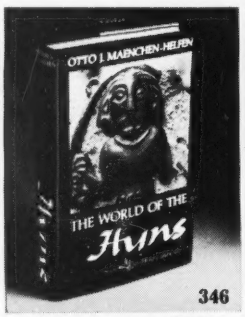

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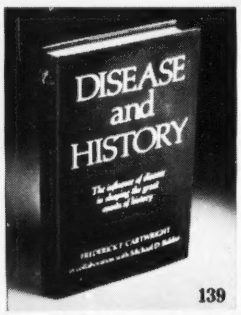

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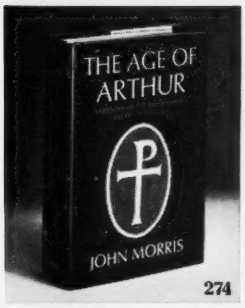

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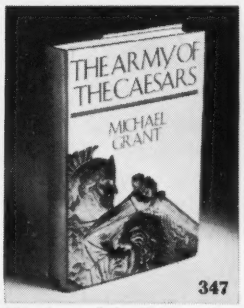

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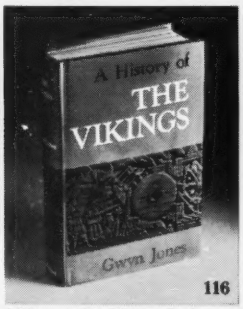

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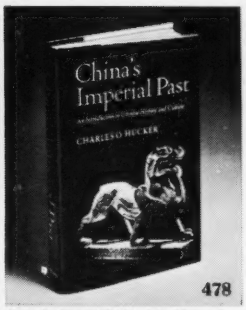

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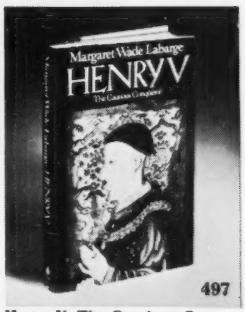

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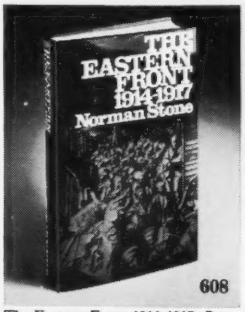

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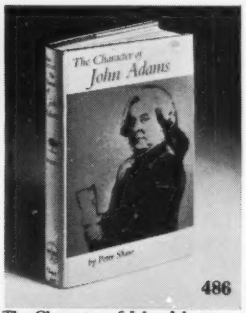

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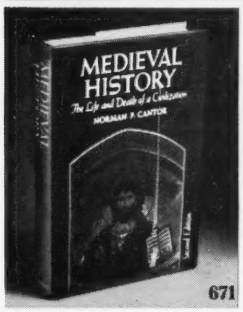

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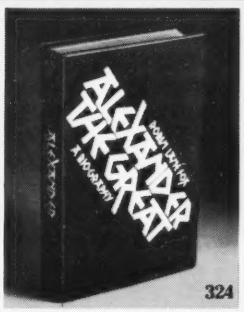

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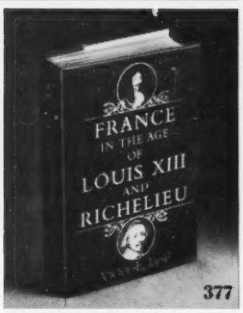

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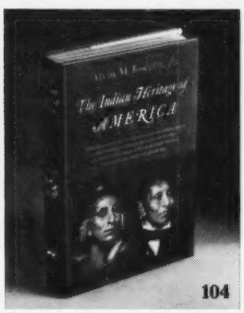

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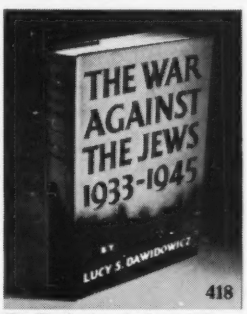

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ROYAL
THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

The reporter who was silenced by the Mob

By Roger Rapoport

After more than a decade of investigative reporting, a frustrated Don Bolles had decided to call it quits. But the Arizona muckraker couldn't resist one last tip—and it cost him his life

Don Bolles had never been happier. Since retiring from his muckraking beat on the *Arizona Republic*, the paper's star reporter had discovered just how nice life could be away from the rigors and worries of investigative reporting. Through a regimen of tennis and jogging—two activities for which he had never had enough time while tracking the underworld—he had shed 30 pounds and made way for a new wardrobe hand-sewn by his wife. The old Haldeman-style flattop had been replaced with stylishly long hair, and the spring had come back into a step that had been slowed over the years by the frustrations of fighting crime in one of the nation's most corrupt states.

To celebrate his new status, Bolles decided to take his meager savings and buy his first new car in a decade. Throughout early April, he studied the ads and visited the showrooms, checking out Toyotas, VW Rabbits, Pacers and every other economy car. Finally, he made his way over to the self-proclaimed Taj Mahal of Arizona dealerships, Scottsdale Datsun, and shelled out the down payment on a white four-speed Datsun 710—with air. Delivered to the door of his ranch home by no less a celebrity than baseball pitcher-turned-car salesman Steve Barber (14 years with the Orioles, Yankees, Cubs, Braves, Angels and Giants), the car became Bolles' toy. During May, he gave his friends mini-tours, demonstrating the fully reclining bucket seats, ticking off the advantages of the undercoated unibody and pointing out the 2-liter engine "with 43 percent fewer moving parts than conventional automotive powerplants."

For Bolles, the best part of the Datsun was that it did not carry the grim reminder of his old investigative beat: the sticky lines left over from the tape he had carefully stretched across his last car's hood as a giveaway should anyone try to rig the car with explosives. Bolles had taped his 1968 Plymouth that way, almost by instinct, for most of its 105,000 miles. But now he had repressed the habit.

For one of the best and most cautious muckrackers in the business, it was a rare but fatal mistake. On June 2, someone attached three sticks of dynamite to the floorboard of Bolles' spanking new Datsun and blew away the best reporter in the state.

No one would have appreciated the irony of his death better than Bolles himself. Reported on the front pages of dailies across the country, the gory news of his murder highlighted better than any of his meticulously researched investigative series for the *Republic*, the corrup-

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tion he had been fighting for 14 years: massive land frauds, political payoffs and corporate scams few people seemed to care about. But murder is a language everyone understands and responds to, and suddenly the venalty of Arizona that Don Bolles had been writing about for an audience of 220,000 became the breakfast news and weekend magazine reading for an entire nation.

Raised in New Jersey, the son of an AP editor who later went into PR work, Don Bolles had spent most of his life as one of those unheralded gumshoes, a *Front Page* reporter of the old school who never ventured beyond his own local celebrity, who never undertook to write a major national magazine feature, let alone a book. If Bolles was different from other reporters of his ilk, it was perhaps due to the unique paper he was working for and the luxuriant climate of corruption he had walked into.

A journeyman reporter, since he had mustered out of the Army, Don Bolles had slowly worked his way west, from New York to Lexington, Kentucky, for the AP. Finally, in 1962, he made his break from the wire service, moving his wife and four children to Phoenix after being offered a job by the *Arizona Republic*. Almost from the start, Don Bolles seemed to thrive in the rarified atmosphere of Phoenix and Eugene C. Pulliam's newspaper. An arch conservative, Pulliam would often outrage his reporters by inveighing against creeping socialism and Bolshevism on his front page; but he felt no less strongly about the enemy nearer at hand, the creeping criminal element that was invading his media province. As a result, Pulliam created one of the best climates for investigative reporting of any paper in the country.

Under the direction of Managing Editor J. Edward Murray, the *Republic* began to build a team of determined muckrakers, with Don Bolles among them. It was an odd but effective team. Bolles himself was paired up with Dom Frasca, a crime writer from New Jersey who was everything Bolles was not: a flashy dresser with the Godfather look who sent his kids to private schools and drove about in a splendid black Cadillac. While Frasca concentrated on influence-peddling, Bolles began to unravel a kickback scandal in the state's tax and corporation commissions. By 1965, Bolles had uncovered a scam in which tax commissioners took payoffs from tax form manufacturers in exchange for contracts. His accounts in the *Republic* were instrumental in driving four elected officials out of office and won Bolles a Pulitzer nomination.

Bolles proved to have the perfect aptitudes for tracking white-collar criminals. He was a whiz at recalling the smallest isolated fact or figure, the most obscure data. As one admiring colleague put it, "He could read between the figures of a financial statement like a public accountant." With the help of hundreds of sources he built up over the years, he became a walking encyclopedia on Arizona crime. So wide-ranging was his knowledge that he could generate a five-part series merely by studying a single erasure on a campaign spending document buried in the capitol archives.

Somehow, there always seemed to be extra gum on Bolles' shoes. "He would pursue," recalled James Hegarty, now council to the Arizona majority leader. "He wouldn't stop digging. He functioned like a cop—in fact, he would have made a good cop."

By the late sixties, there were two questions any knowledgeable politician, parking-lot owner or dog-track operator

"He would work hard," recalls a fellow reporter, "and absolutely nothing would happen"

in Phoenix would ask before shaking hands on an under-the-table deal: "How much is in it for me, and does Don Bolles know about it?"

Bolles brought not only diligence but a certain flair to his work. More than once, he intimidated a suspect into a full confession by asking questions from papers pulled out of a thick file folder bearing the accused's name. What the subjects never knew was that all but a few pages in the menacing-looking dossier were blank. A criminal attorney who defended many of the people Bolles exposed says simply: "His IQ was just 30 to 40 points higher than any other reporter I dealt with."

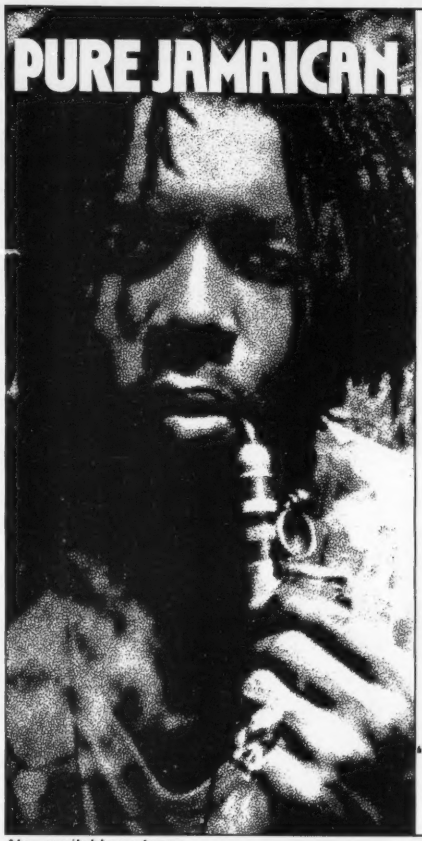
Bolles' favorite targets were real-estate swindlers and dog-track owners. By official estimate, land fraud in Arizona alone has bilked unsuspecting buyers of more than $500 million since the mid-sixties. Bolles and Pulliam were most anxious to go after the East Coast con men and Mafiosi who were behind the scams. Beginning in 1967, Bolles went after a principal of the Western Growth Capital Corporation named Ned Warren

Sr., showing how the former New York chinchilla breeder and Broadway hustler (he once got investors to sink $39,000 in a nonexistent play) was getting more than 1,000 people to invest in Arizona land, stock, mortgages and notes that were frequently worthless. Bolles' series eventually brought Warren to court if not to justice. He was released after the chief prosecution witness was slain.

Bolles came to know the Who's Who of the underworld so well that the *Republic* at times read like a gossip column for Mafiosi. When a ranking member of an East Coast syndicate dropped by Phoenix for dinner, Bolles would tell the paper's readers about it the next morning. The reaction was sometimes amusing. If Bolles or one of his colleagues made a mistake in identity, they could be sure to hear about it immediately from the criminal himself. Paul Dean, now a daily columnist on the paper, recalls a time he identified a mob hangout as Gus' Steak House. The next day, Gus himself called up to say: "*My place is an Italian restaurant!*"

Gradually, as Bolles became increasingly immersed in his subject, his old wire-service objectivity gave way to personal obsession. His hatred for the crooked entrepreneurs and land swindlers—he called them "suede shoe boys"—grew to the point where he considered them all guilty until proven innocent, and his reporting slowly blurred into crusading. In the fall of 1970, an impassioned Bolles initiated a ten-part series on organized crime in Arizona with this front-page salvo: "One hundred years old, Phoenix today stands poised on the edge of its future. Its citizens can get angry at the influx of organized crime elements into the valley and do everything possible to send them packing. Or they can sit in their backyard patios and say, 'Oh, well, it doesn't affect me.' But organized crime touches every citizen of the valley. Arizona can hang out the no vacancy sign for the syndicate hoods, but it won't stay up unless every resident says this is my responsibility."

Bolles took his public responsibilities so seriously that there was no time left over for his personal ones. In the mid-sixties, his wife Nancy had tried to warn him. "You are starting to do what you said you would never do," she scolded as he headed out the door to another of his late-night sessions. "You are looking behind the door." And it was true. Harold Milkes, now the managing editor of the *Republic*, recalls that Bolles "was a very hard-working individual who never let his personal desires or family life get in the way of a story."



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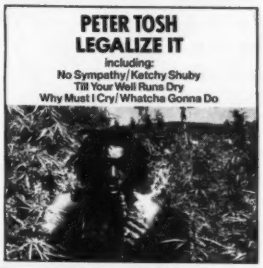

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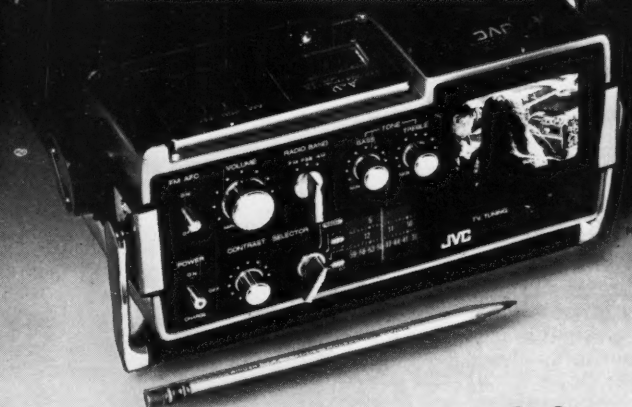

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Milkes was right about the family life, but not the personal desires. Nancy finally shut the door on Bolles forever when she discovered that his late-night assignations were not only with informers but also with lovers.

Friends say Bolles was racked by guilt over the split-up, and three times the couple attempted to reconcile. Finally, in February of 1968, they were divorced. Five months later he married Rosalie Traister, a beautiful nurse he met originally when Nancy brought her home to dinner from her job at the hospital.

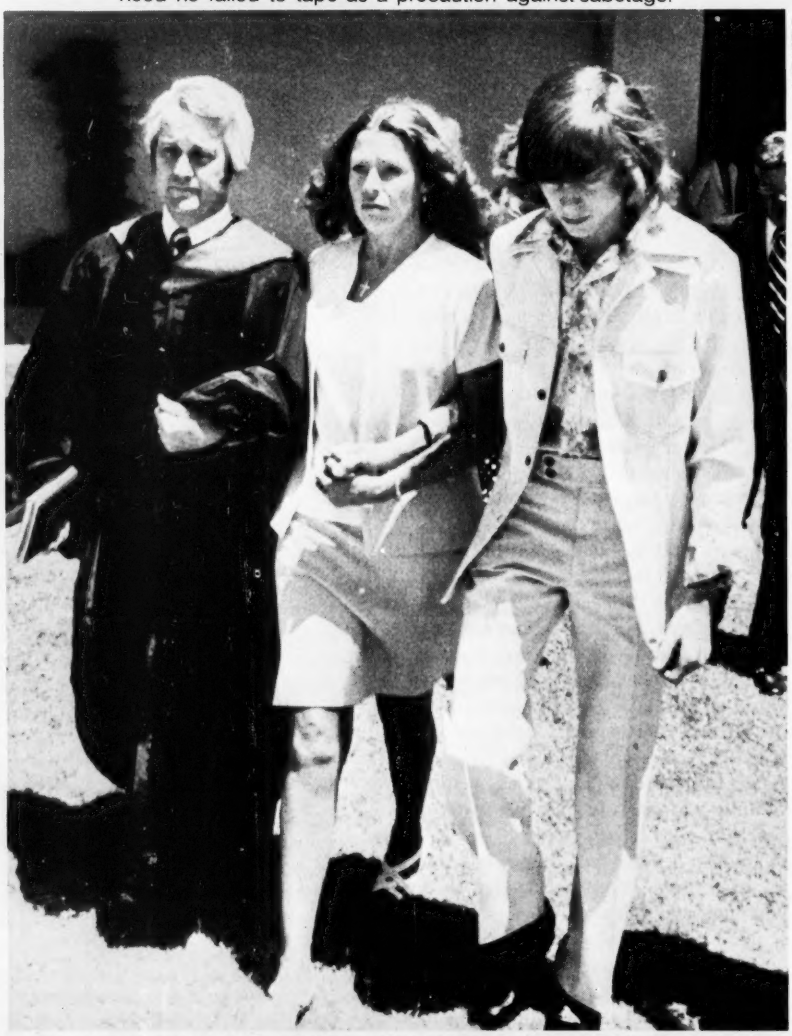
The divorce and remarriage created a tremendous financial burden on Bolles. In addition to alimony and child support, he was helping Rosalie raise two children from her first marriage, and later a child of their own. Despite the fact that he was the *Republic*'s star reporter, Bolles' pay, supplemented only by occasional bonuses from his publisher, was extremely modest. Even at his death, Bolles' salary was only about $20,000 a year. Thus the reporter and his new wife would economize on New Year's Eve by playing bridge or the card game "Oh Hell" with friends, save $1.50 on movie tickets by taking in the afternoon show at the Westdale 4 and make use of two-for-one dinner coupons at local steakhouses. One concession Bolles made to his strict ethical code was the free tickets he obtained to Arizona State games through the newspaper—and when he couldn't get free tickets to the Fiesta Bowl, he stayed home.

"Arizona can hang out the no vacancy sign for the syndicate hoods," Bolles wrote prophetically. "But it won't stay up unless every resident says this is my responsibility"

On weekends Don would take his children over to the newspaper-owned Lazy R & G Ranch, where they could swim in the Olympic-size pool, use the clubhouse and cook in the barbecue pits, along with the families of fellow *Republic* and *Gazette* employees. Although some of his colleagues were put off by the annual family day mob scene, Don loved it. Here he always got a chance to talk with old man Pulliam, then in his 80s. The two would engage in social chitchat and mutual backpatting, drawn together

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

Bolles' Datsun 710 was his first car in a decade. It was also the first one whose hood he failed to tape as a precaution against sabotage.



WIDE WORLD

Accompanied by Reverend William Smith, Bolles' widow Rosalie and one of his children, Christopher, 18, head to the reporter's funeral. More than 1,000 political leaders, fellow journalists and friends attended.

by their mutual concern with saving Arizona from the encroaching forces of organized crime.

The relationship with Pulliam was seriously strained only once—in 1974. Bolles had written a series attacking the state's criminal justice system, which had permitted so many of the very people he had exposed to slip through its fingers. To his astonishment, the paper, with Pulliam's support, refused to publish it. As sympathetic as they were to Bolles' frustration with the court system, the paper's management had become equally concerned with the mounting charges of libel and were afraid of alienating the very men before whom such libel actions might have to be tried.

For Bolles, it became a double bind. With each succeeding year, he seemed to have less success putting criminals behind bars and more and more harassment from the criminals' lawyers. He himself made his life harder by his resolute refusal to reveal his sources, even when put on the witness stand. During one court action, the lawyer of a state tax commissioner whom Bolles had helped convict tried to prove that Bolles had gotten access to the man's records illegally. The lawyer badgered the reporter relentlessly. When it was over, Bolles' brother, an Episcopal minister from California who had flown in for a visit, took Don out to dinner and said, "Look, it's only me and you. Tell me, did someone in the IRS leak you the guy's records?" "I'm not going to tell even you," replied Bolles.

Threats of libel and contempt of court were bad enough, but threats on the life of his family were far worse—and they happened all the time. Some came by phone, some by mail and a few were delivered in person. Sadists posing as highway patrolmen would call up wives of the paper's muckrakers. "Your husband has just died in a car wreck," they would say. "Where do you want us to drop the body?" More frightening still were the pieces of chemically impregnated paper that came through the mail, with instructions to put it in water to "find out what is going to happen to you." Under a faucet, the paper would ignite.

Bolles always tried to reassure his family by telling them, "They'll hit you with 1,000 lawyers and harass you every which way, but they won't kill you." Yet he hardly acted like a man who believed it. He always insisted on meeting his sources in public places, and frequently took along a fellow reporter to keep a clandestine watch at key rendezvous. Taping his car hood was standard operat-

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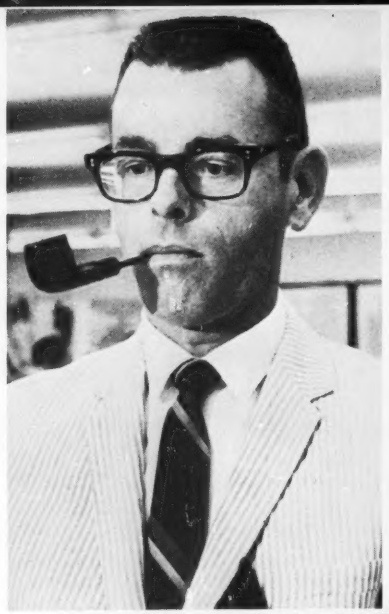

WIDE WORLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

In his early years on the *Republic*, Bolles wore his hair short and dressed conservatively. After he quit investigative reporting, he acquired a new look, and friends said he seemed more relaxed than ever.

ing procedure for Bolles, and he could not understand why his colleagues refused to do the same. Once, after a fellow reporter had taken a phone threat, Don told him, "Really, you ought to tape your car and check it all the time." "I don't want to spend the rest of my life crawling under my wife's Pinto," the friend replied. "It's too low to the ground."

The threats, the libel suits and the public apathy all took their toll on Bolles. By June 1975, Pulliam, his main supporter at the paper, had died. Some of his colleagues at the paper believed Bolles was going through a form of male menopause. "Don felt he wasn't getting any community support," explained one. "Everyone is so damn suit-conscious these days. You put a story in the paper and you sit back and wait for the retraction demands. I've seen a procession of community figures come in after stories have run, of people going to see the editor."

"He would work hard," recalls fellow investigative reporter Al Sitter, "building exposé after exposé, and absolutely nothing would happen in the way of corrective measures, no response on the state or federal level. He hadn't given up, but he had developed the impression that the general public didn't care."

Finally, in September 1975, Bolles approached city editor Bob Early and told him, "Life's too damn short to keep beating your head against the wall. There is no point in doing all of this investigative work and seeing it all come to naught." Transferred to city hall, Bolles soon found himself enjoying the quieter pace. "Well, there are no libel suits against me," Bolles wrote his brother. "My life has become almost normal again, and I sure like it this way."

Bolles turned his attention to his seven children, in particular to his six-year-old daughter, Diane. Deaf since birth, Diane had become remarkably proficient at lip-reading, thanks to the expensive educational and medical help financed in large measure by the paper. Although he was still under considerable financial pressure, Don had moved the family to the Madison School District, where his daughter could benefit from a promising special educational program. Old friends visiting with the reporter found him more relaxed than they could remember. For all the changes, however, Bolles never totally gave up his muckraking. Shortly after he switched over to city hall, one reporter predicted he'd return to his first love: "The first time he gets a hot tip, he'll be back out scurrying around with all those nutty informants of his." And that is exactly what happened on the morning of June 2.

"Everyone who knew him, both friend and foe, knew that Don Bolles was not for sale"

That morning, Bolles slipped on the new blue leisure suit Rosalie had made for him and headed off to cover a legislative session on an auto emissions bill. He planned to attend a luncheon meeting of Sigma Delta Chi, finish up in the office and call it an early day. That night he and his wife were to celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary by paying the full ticket price to see a film about two investigative reporters named Woodward and Bernstein.

But after reaching the office that morning, he got a phone call setting up a late-morning meeting with John Adamson, an informant he had met with the week before. According to the caller, Adamson would bring evidence documenting a land scandal involving Senator Barry Goldwater, Representative Sam Steiger and former State Republican Party Chairman Harry Rosenzweig.

Though he did not really believe the man's charges, Bolles showed up on time for his meeting with Adamson. He could hardly treat the tip cavalierly. If it were true, Don Bolles would be back in the muckraking business with the biggest story of his career. After waiting long enough to convince himself that Adamson was not going to show up, Bolles took a page on the red front-desk phone and proceeded to tell the caller how to reach his capitol office. Then he headed out past the swimming pool, got in the 710 and backed up until someone nearby tapped a radio detonator that ignited three sticks of dynamite attached to the floorboard with a magnet.

The blast sent fragments of the Datsun up to a nearby hotel's fourth story and blew apart the driver's forearms, legs and groin. As people rushed over to begin tying tourniquets around the victim's limbs, Bolles looked up and said very distinctly: "They finally got me . . . the Mafia, John Adamson. John Adamson was the man. Find him."

Adamson turned himself in the following day and was subsequently indicted on murder charges. (He has since pleaded not guilty.) According to sworn eyewitness court testimony, he had purchased the radio-triggering device designed for model airplanes at a San Diego hobby shop the previous month. But as Bolles lay dying at St. Joseph's Hospital, police struggled with the problem of finding out who had offered Adamson $10,000 for participating in the hit. Certainly there was no difficulty in establishing a motive. Unlike most of the eight previous alleged Mob assassinations in Phoenix over the past 21 years, there were plenty of leads. Just the simple act of running through 14 years of Bolles' *Republic* stories was enough to give the

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police dozens of possibilities. The real challenge wasn't finding leads but sorting through them.

Just about everyone in Arizona had a theory about the case. Some people said it couldn't be a Mob hit because they knew better than to murder a reporter. Others suggested perhaps it was the work of lower-echelon resident hoodlums. The fact that Adamson's name had come up—in connection with Ned Warren's recent conviction on charges of extorting money from a gay bar owner—attracted considerable attention. But Warren, who was busy appealing the court decision, dismissed this notion contemptuously. "I have no idea who would have done it. It's just crazy, it's someone who can't think."

Police had no way of knowing if the bombing was the work of merely one individual out for personal revenge or of an organized element trying to silence muckrakers at the paper. Thus tight security was put around both the newsroom and roughly a dozen key editors and reporters. Suddenly these journalists and their spouses began finding cops patrolling their back yards in the middle of the night, standing guard in their kitchens, answering their phones, opening their mail, starting their cars and driving their kids to school.

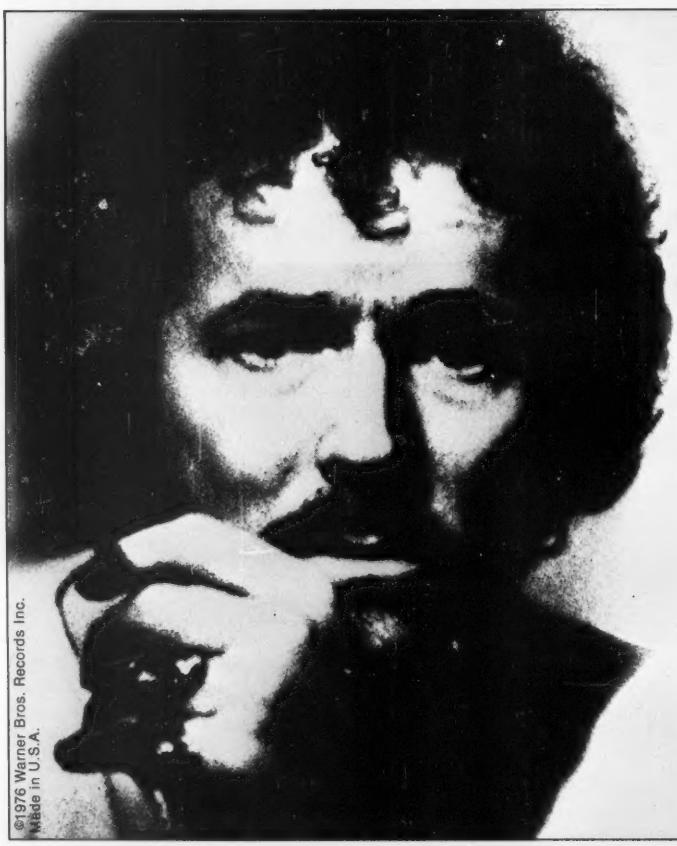
At St. Joseph's, doctors who had to amputate both of the star reporter's legs and his right arm were at a loss to explain what was keeping him alive. Gradually, as the patient's condition deteriorated, even his personal physician found himself breaking into tears before the family. By the time Don Bolles died on June 13, the state legislature was well on its way to passing emergency legislation to open blind land trusts to public scrutiny. "It's too bad a good man had to die before the legislature got excited enough to act," observed Governor Raul Castro.

Reverend William O. Smith, who delivered the sermon while a police helicopter watched the sky and 75 police officers covered the grounds, was brief and to the point: "We are here," said Smith, "because one man cared for truth and decency and honor more than he did for his own life. One man took hold of the wonderfully human gift of curiosity and concern, and put them into the service of us all. . . . Everyone who knew him, both friend and foe, knew that Don Bolles was not for sale."

The entire state legislature, which had come to the funeral by chartered bus, nodded in agreement. Back in the *Republic* city room, tributes were pouring in from politicians all the way up to Jerry Ford. Flags across the state were at half-mast. And in New York's Times Square, the news flasher spelled out a memorial tribute to Don Bolles every eight minutes.

After the funeral, the victim's colleagues headed back to the paper to resume their search for the people behind the murder. Everyone was working seven-day shifts. But despite all the overtime, the reporters felt as if they were operating at a handicap. The one newsman in town who would have been the most help in tracking down the story was no longer available.

They did, however, take the advice that Bolles had been giving them for years, and that they had steadfastly ignored: to check their cars before getting in. Leaving a press conference on Bolles' death, Paul Dean, a *Republic* columnist, walked up to his Thunderbird, got down on his knees and looked at the undercarriage. "I'm not being theatrical, but just give me a minute to check," he said to his companion. "You don't seriously believe it could happen here, in a police parking lot?" his friend asked. "In this town," replied Dean, "you can't take anything for granted." ●



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It's a hollow celebration for America's center of Victorian charm and Brahmin culture. Torn apart by racial violence, Boston is strangling on its own pride, struggling against the civilization it invented and fighting the freedoms it won

Boston's bitter Bicentennial

By Andrew Kopkind

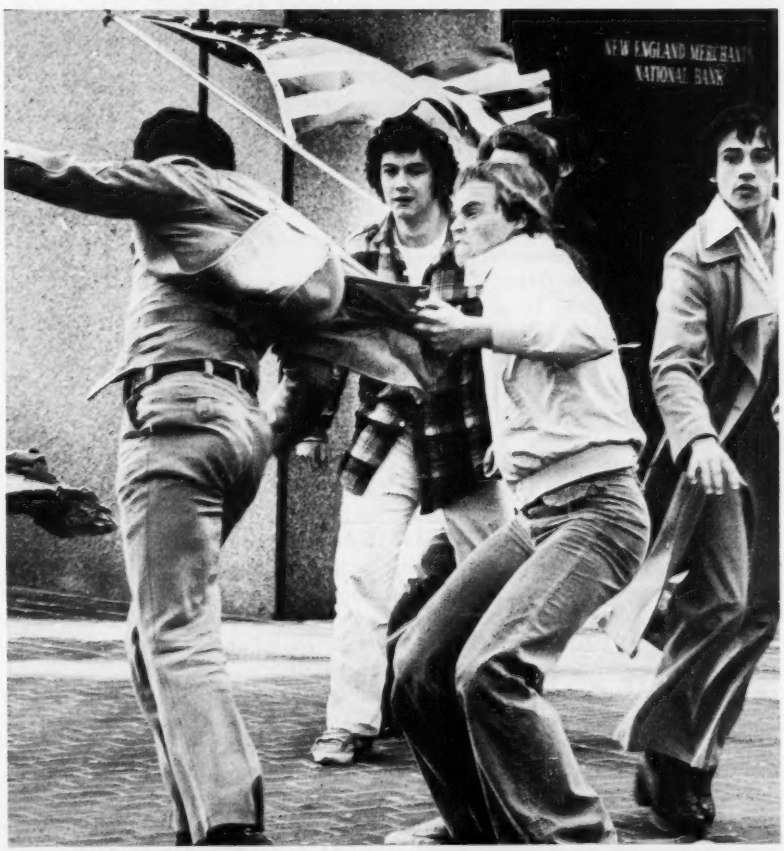
In Boston, where they say it all began, it all ended with cannons booming and bells pealing. No embattled farmers popped musket balls to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"; the apocalypse now featured Arthur Fiedler conducting massed orchestras, an arsenal of howitzers and the complete urban campanile in *The 1812 Overture*. The choice of music honoring Czarist Russia's triumph over imperial France was left unexplained: Boston always mixes its metaphors. And in this case, pomp rather than patriotism was the order of Independence Day.

With the Bicentennial orgies come to climax at last, Boston has struck its historical set. The media networks are losing interest in the reenactment of dubious battles 200 years old to the day, and the swarms of tourists—having successfully dodged the rash of terrorist bombings—will float away in due course. But the metaphors march along, and the mixture is turning to the sour side.

More than the tourist posters proclaim, Boston *is* America—only worse. New York may be more desolate, Los Angeles more anomic, Houston hotter and Seattle rainier. But Boston is the most infuriating place of all, because it is the most deceptive. Beneath the Victorian charm and the Brahmin culture is a society strangling on its old pride, struggling against the civilization it invented and fighting the freedoms it won. What began here grandly seems to be ending vaingloriously all too soon.

A metaphor far more menacing than Boston's Pops Fourth of July birthday concert could be found not very far from the Charles River epicenter of the celebration. In a room at City Hospital, one victim of Boston history lies in a chronic vegetative state, plugged into the machines that are our best approximation so far of the bionic experience. Robert Poleet, a 34-year-old auto mechanic, was brutally beaten April 20 in what the newspapers called an "incident with racial overtones"—a bit like saying the Tea Party was an incident with revolutionary overtones, or the Crucifixion an incident with religious overtones. Poleet happened to be a white attacked by blacks, in the wake of another incident (same overtones) in which black lawyer Ted Landsmark was attacked in City Hall Plaza at high noon by a gang of young white toughs. There are certainly political differences in the two assaults: the dominant pattern of violence is by whites against blacks. But they appear side by side as positive and negative prints in the same grim exhibition—a show at least as characteristic of Bicentennial Boston as the fancy dress charades.

Landsmark, who heads an affirmative action committee seeking contracts for "minority" firms, was on his way to a meeting with Mayor Kevin White when he ran into a splinter group from an anti-integration demonstration. The mayor watched the scene below from his office window. Landsmark was bloodied but not critically hurt.



WIDE WORLD

Flag-waving Boston-style: At City Hall, white youths beat black lawyer Ted Landsmark, en route to a meeting with Mayor Kevin White, who watched from above.

Poleet's appointment with Boston's rich ethnic heritage came in the dark of night in a slum section of town. He was torn from his car by a couple of kids, less determinedly political than the marching whites, but more lethal. Half of his brain was destroyed; the other half is now barely functioning, and degenerating. "He can't sustain spontaneous respiration," an attending nurse told me in polite hospitalese. "Once he was off the respirator for four hours, but he's on all the time now. We do hourly monitoring of his vital signs, his urine output, all his body functions. We have to suction his lungs, and he almost died of massive infections." An experimental antibiotic, the product of Boston's preeminent medical establishment, cured the bacteriosis and restored his vegetative state to stable.

Poleet's wife and a former wife have asked that he be allowed to "die with dignity," but while the remaining bits of his brain show some blips on the EEG, doctors refuse to pull the plug. The right to a life of suffering, after all, is an honored principle at Boston City Hospital. It was there that Dr. Kenneth Edelin, a black obstetrician, was arrested for the "homicide" of a fetus in a perfectly legal abortion operation. Edelin was targeted as the subject of an elaborate political auto-da-fé by a group of anti-abortion crusaders and an inquisitive D.A. up for reelection. A jury not exactly of the black physician's peers agreed that it was a crime as well as a sin to abort a "viable" embryo, and found him guilty.

Poleet, Landsmark and Edelin are tied in many ways by the same threads of race hatred, religious fervor, political cowardice and moral blindness that make Boston today a unique and poignant emblem of the American malaise. Some people in Massachusetts still boast of local liberalism and recall the one-and-only McGovern victory here in 1972. But Boston's political complexion is far less genteel today. The city swung decisively to George Wallace in this year's Democratic primary; there are no black elected city officials and no identified liberals on the at-large school board or city council; and Louise Day Hicks is city council president and practically a moderate compared to the comrades on her side.

The symbolic issue in all of this is "busing," but it is hardly as simple as that sounds. There is a complex of crises that makes victims of all Bostonians, whether they participate in the busing controversy or not. Like many cities, Boston is dying without much dignity. It is the heart of a region on the economic skids, without much hope of another boom. The city is losing population, and costs are soaring. The U.S. Labor Department figures it takes $18,090 for a family of four to enjoy an "intermediate" standard of living here—the highest figure in the continental U.S. The weekly "market basket" price—$72 for a family of four—is also the highest in America, including sales taxes. The median income of $9,133 is among the lowest for big cities (compared with San Francisco, $10,495; Detroit, $10,038; Seattle, $11,032). Centuries of nepotism and favoritism have bloated the public employee roles and produced endemic corruption. The physical "plant" is old and crumbling: the subway is the second oldest in the country, the ancient lead-pipe water mains are poisoning parts of the city and the schools have a Dickensian character that is quaint for the tourists but not terribly conducive to good education.

Louise Day Hicks and even more militant anti-busing zealots vow a fight to the death, and invoke the spirit of the dead revolutionaries watching over Boston to bolster their claims to divine right

In the face of such conditions, and many more, the busing controversy (another neutral nonsense word, like "incident") seems to have a life of its own. More than a decade ago, a committee of liberal educators responded to the black civil rights movement and discovered segregation right here in the birthplace of free public education. The state legislature promptly passed a Racial Imbalance Act to right these wrongs, and it became a model for progressive integration laws elsewhere in America. And like many progressive models, it was never really copied and never obeyed in Massachusetts.

Nine years later, Federal District Judge W. Arthur Garrity found that the Boston School Committee had evaded, obstructed and disobeyed not only the state law but the federal civil rights acts that were at issue in a suit brought by the NAACP. He showed that not "de facto" conditions of housing, employment and random neighborhoods, but a directed policy of segregation had created a dual school system for blacks and whites, as distinct as any in the Old South.

Garrity initiated a series of integration programs—Boston is up to Phase 2-B at this moment—that involved busing about a third of the school population. No one really wanted busing for itself, but blacks recognized that it was an unavoidable mechanism if the ghetto school system was to be broken. When the School Committee continued to evade the intent of Garrity's plans, the judge seized one of the schools—South Boston High—and placed it in a federal receivership, as if it were a bankrupt business. He held the School Committee in contempt for refusing to come up with a plan during one integration phase, and he has issued *ex cathedra* judgments and opinions in the absence of constructive political leadership. Liberal politicians, such as Mayor White and Governor Dukakis, have caved in to various degrees on the controversy. White, who made a national reputation battling the venomous Mrs. Hicks, filed a federal suit on the side of the Hicks forces to overturn Garrity's busing orders. Last month, the U.S. Supreme Court turned down all the Boston challenges to Garrity, and the legal aspect of busing seems to be closed for now.

The political aspect may be just beginning. Mrs. Hicks and those more militant even than she—in the anti-busing organization ROAR ("Restore Our Alienated Rights")—vow a fight to the death, and invoke the spirits of the dead revolutionaries watching over Boston to bolster their claims to divine right. South Boston—a grime-poor Irish-American neighborhood that is still the center of the fight against black rights and black political power in the city—is a sea in which violent fish can safely swim. James Kelly, the leading spokesman in that neighborhood, rushed in after Ted Landsmark's beating and vowed "legal and moral support" for his white attackers. When Mayor White, Governor Dukakis and the center political establishment called a "march against violence" after the Poleet incident and a courthouse bombing raid, Mrs. Hicks refused to participate; instead, she declared "the only march that will mean anything will be on Judge Garrity's courtroom." So far, the judge has not wavered, although he is under attack from the center now as well as from the anti-integration right wing. Last week, Mayor White gave a chatty little television speech in which he called for more jobs, more federal funds and the removal of Garrity's control over South Boston High School.

In no way is Boston more emblematic of America than in its inability to confront racism in its institutions. It's been said that racism is the one "problem" that America cannot outgrow, and hence cannot solve. It certainly appears to be intractable here. It is built right into the institutions of Boston's mythic liberal tradition as well as in those of its reactionary heritage. The liberal suburbs wash their hands of the controversy, preferring to curtail voluntary integration plans rather than continue involvement in the politics of integration. Close-in suburbs such as Newton and Brookline maintain median income levels more than half-again as high as Boston's, and residents there are in no mood to share their wealth, power or elite position with blacks or poor whites from the center city. A recent report of yet another "violence committee," set up by Mayor White after the events of "hot April," recommended the usual complement of economic half-measures and goodwill. No one mentioned that the institutions represented on the committee use their mighty economic power to solidify the system of segregation, to keep control in the hands of the elite "Vault," a committee of self-appointed notables and to track the populace into economic patterns that meet corporate needs rather than advance the dynamic of change.

So Boston's dilemma is America's, and while it is obviously exaggerated here, it is not our exclusive privilege. President Ford, Candidate Carter and politicians of the center stripe have generally endorsed the intent, if not the slogans, of South Boston's campaign for ethnic purity. To do otherwise would mean wholesale shifts in the nexus of political economic decision-making, and no public figure bent on election or eager for support can advocate that.

"Please come to Boston in the springtime," the folkies crooned, and in fact the country did send its visitors to wander along the Freedom Trail. They stopped at Paul Revere's house (undamaged by a bomb, probably planted by anti-black terrorists, that exploded in a shop nearby), the Old North Church, the patriots' graves. Fortunately, they managed to avoid the dozen bombs exploded in Boston and environs in the last several weeks, perhaps the work of ex-con radicals as well as the anti-busing extremists. But they must have missed South Boston High, the Roxbury ghetto. Robert Poleet's hospital room. A pity: for those present addresses have more meaning for Bicentennial America than most of the monuments to the ghosts of the past. ●

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Parents who are gay

"Up until five years ago," says a matrimonial attorney, "if a gay parent went to a divorce lawyer, custody wasn't even mentioned." Now that more and more homosexuals are living openly, gay parents are fighting to raise their own kids

By Dolores Klaich

Last Christmas I was sitting before a roaring fire in the Vermont living room of a good friend. My friend Lila,* her lover, Margaret, my lover and I and Margaret's 11-year-old son, Mark, had spent the previous few days doing New England Christmas things: whooshing down Lila's mountain in Mark's new toboggan, snowshoeing in 15 inches of snow, listening to carols Christmas Eve at a Benedictine monastery. Warm. Fun. Loving.

But Christmas Day Margaret's other son, Josh, who is 17, joined us for dinner. We had been deliriously giggly for days trying to remember the sequence of verses in "The Twelve Days of Christmas." It had become a running joke: at breakfast, in the jeep, in the woodshed, wherever. Twelve *geese* a singing? Twelve *drums* a drumming? Twelve ladies *dancing*? Twelve *what*? *Doing* what?

The arrival of Margaret's oldest son quashed all this silly fun. He did little, said less. We managed to get through dinner, but by the time we were before the fire, the pall had everyone's nerves on edge. Mark, a verbal, cuddly youngster, sat withdrawn. Josh stared into the fire. Since Josh had just returned from Europe, I asked, in an attempt to break the tension, how his trip had been. After a few dull sentences, he became silent. I pressed: Had anything bad happened? He glanced at we four women, lesbians all, one of whom was his mother, and said, "Only when some queer made a pass at me when I was hitchhiking in France." His hostility shocked; the obvious put-down stung. My lover tried to calm things by pointing out how women hitchhikers often had the same experience, or worse, with male drivers, hitch-

*Regrettably, this article contains pseudonyms. It is not because the gay parents wished to hide their homosexuality. Rather, it is because no custody or visitation court order is ever truly final; there is always the possibility that ex-spouses could reopen the cases. In addition, even those children who are at ease with their parents' homosexuality are fearful of what some of their peers, those who don't know about their parents, would do or say. When first names are used, they are pseudonyms; surnames are not.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

hiking being a precarious undertaking.

Josh shrugged.

It comes as no shock nowadays to recognize that gay parents do exist, and that they have childrearing problems. In the past it was mostly a private matter, kept within the confines of the family, if admitted at all. Now, with more and more gay people living openly and many gay parents fighting for child custody or visitation rights in the courts, the issue has become fair game in the public forum.

"Just five years ago," says Anne Elwell, 33, a New Jersey matrimonial attorney, "if a gay parent went to a divorce lawyer, custody wasn't even mentioned; the parent just automatically gave up. No longer. Attorneys are scrambling for precedent material."

Not only are lawyers at square one, trying to adjust to what has become a new sociological phenomenon, but so too are gay parents, their children, the ex-spouses, the "experts" (psychiatrists, childrearing specialists) and the courts. Because children and sex (a gay person's identity is still thought of primarily in terms of sex) are involved, the issue is hardly a cut and dried legal matter. Highly emotional controversy is much in evidence. Sentimentality and/or hysteria often triumph.

In all custody or visitation cases, it is left to the courts to decide where the "best interests of the children" lie. This is a hazy standard, even when dealing with heterosexual parents. "It's very much a subjective area of the law," says attorney Elwell. "What the hell is an 'unfit' parent? It's like the old joke about adoption agencies: if God required natural parents to meet the standards set by adoption agencies, no one would have children."

Given our society's lingering homophobia, not to mention its continued uneasiness about sex in general, gay parents have a difficult time of it. Counterculture groups, when up against conventional standards, are forced to carry the burden of proving that they are cleaner than clean if they want to work within the confines of existing standards. As R.A. Basile writes in the *Women's Rights Law Reporter*, in the most exhaustive legal review to date of the rights of lesbian mothers, a lesbian desiring custody of her children "is well advised to practice a conventional 19th century lifestyle."

A gay parent's sexual orientation, unlike that of a straight parent, weighs heavily in custody cases and often decides the matter. The fears of the court are threefold: (1) Will the child be molested by the parent or the parent's friends? (2) Will the child be more likely to become homosexual? (3) Will the child be embarrassed by the parent's lifestyle and thus become overly anxious?

For help with these questions the courts usually rely on psychiatric testimony. And, as can be seen in all sorts of court proceedings, "experts" can always be found on both sides of *any* issue. All too often, the psychiatrists are advocates instead of detached witnesses. An Oakland lawyer says, "There are doctors I know to call for certain results. It's really depressing, but it's a tool."

Take the 1968 case of a mother of a four-year-old daughter in Sacramento County, California, who was denied custody because of her lesbianism; she was declared not a fit or proper person to raise her daughter. The judge based his final decision on one doctor's view:

> Frankly, Ma'am, you should take therapy, as the doctor suggested, if you are going to over-

A former Life *reporter, Dolores Klaich is the author of* Woman Plus Woman: Attitudes toward Lesbianism.

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come your, beat your psychological problem. And the Court—we are dealing with a four-year-old child on the threshold of its development—just cannot take the chance that something untoward should happen to it. . . . I'm sincere in saying that I want this child protected, and if the lady takes therapeutics and the psychiatrist can assure me, then I will look for unrestrained visitation. It would depend on the factors. Right now, I just can't take the chance.

It is not clear what the judge meant by "something untoward." The mother is allowed to visit her daughter on Sundays, but only in the presence of an adult third party. The father was awarded custody. Clearly, a double standard was in operation. The court did not concern itself with whether or not something "untoward" might happen to the child in the heterosexual father's care.

Beyond the controversy over the use of expert testimony is the fact that childrearing specialists have only just begun to study children who are being raised in gay households. To date, there is no body of information or statistics on which to base decisions.

Will the child be molested? Research into child molestation, such as that done by the Kinsey Institute in 1965, has shown that it is more likely for heterosexual males to molest children than it is for gay males to do so. As for lesbians and straight females, they simply do not figure in the statistics to date.

Perhaps it was the second fear that the California judge was worried about: Will the child grow up to be gay? Again, no statistics. Dr. Benjamin Spock says: "I know of no evidence that homosexual parents are more apt to raise homosexual children. Most homosexuals are the children of conventionally heterosexual parents." Dr. Judd Marmor, past president of the American Psychiatric Association, among others, concurs.

"I feel my lesbianism has had a positive effect on the kids," says a mother of three daughters. "I've opened up their abilities to be tolerant"

At the root of this point is the courts' assumption that growing up to be gay is definitely not in the "best interests of the children." Up until recently, even some gay parents agreed.

Harry Kelly, 32, a Philadelphia computer programmer, says that as recently as two years ago he felt he'd rather that his children—a son, 13, a daughter, 11, and an adopted daughter, 16—would be heterosexual, "because I thought they would have an easier time in society." He now feels that's nonsense, "not so much because the climate has changed, although that figures, but rather because I feel good about myself. I have learned that I can live openly as a gay man and can feel solidarity with those in minority struggles. I had feelings for boys as a teenager, but I really thought it was me and dirty old men. I had no idea there were decent men leading gay lives. I got married at 18 because I didn't feel I had any alternatives. I want my children to be strong and adventuresome, and should any of them realize they're gay I would know that's the natural thing for them and that these days they would have excellent support."

Judy M., 41, a mental-health administrator and psychotherapist, has three teenage daughters. Three years

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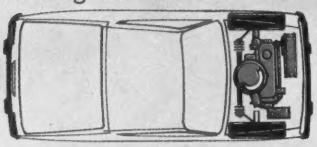

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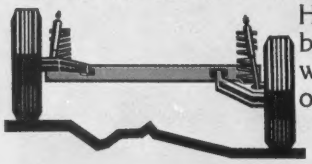

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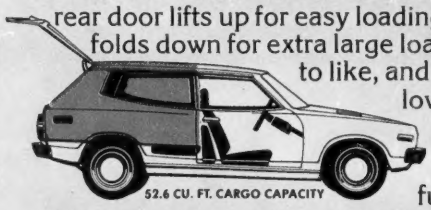

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ago, when she discovered she was lesbian, she "felt like someone was slapping me in the face with a wet dishcloth," and in no way did she want her daughters to be gay. Today, she, like Kelly, has changed her mind. "I feel my lesbianism has had a positive effect on the kids. I think I've opened up their abilities at an early age to be tolerant of differences among people. They don't stereotype, not even my youngest, who is the only one upset about my lesbianism. I've always wanted them to be strong, independent women, long before I knew I was lesbian. They'll choose their lifestyles with wide open eyes."

I asked Judy's daughters if they were worried about their sexuality, how they would feel if they should realize they were lesbian.

Mary, who is 16, said it crossed her mind when she and a cousin became very close. "But it wasn't sexual. And I don't think it's hereditary. It wouldn't bother me emotionally. I could live with a roommate for years, but sexually it turns me off. I don't have those feelings now and I really don't think I ever will. It's Mom's thing, and it's okay. But it's not my thing."

Elizabeth, who is 15, shrugged and said, "Whatever comes, comes. I wouldn't say, 'Oh, I'm weird.' I'd cope with it. Well, yes, I guess I'd be shocked, just as I was when my mother told me she was gay. But I'm not worried about it, just as I'm no longer worried about my mother."

Sarah, 14, who has not come to terms with her mother's lesbianism, said, "It would depend on the life I'm leading. If I was married and had kids, like my mother, I guess I'd be horrified. If I was single, I guess I'd accept it."

Another 15-year-old, Brook, a hip New York City youngster who is sexually more evolved than Judy's daughters, said, "Once, when I was high with a girlfriend we both felt sexual feelings, but we didn't do anything about it. I have a steady boyfriend and we sleep together regularly. But who knows? If I get really turned on by a woman someday, I know by my mother's example that it wouldn't be such a terrible thing. But you just don't schedule those things." Brook's father, who died when she was nine, was also gay.

In the midst of all this sociological change, it is not surprising that the courts are floundering. It would seem that fear number three—Will the child be embarrassed by the parent's lifestyle and thus become overly anxious?—is perhaps a valid concern. "Embarrassed" is a key word. Many of the children I interviewed used this word. Children see that some homosexuals are fighting for full institutional acceptance, and they also see that it's an uphill struggle. Faggot and dyke jokes are rampant in the schools. The media, though closely policed by gay activists, still get away with blatant discrimination. And on. Dr. Judd Marmor says, "It is true that there is a problem of possible ridicule of children by their peers as a consequence of the public recognition of the homosexual orientation of the parent. Difference is not easily accepted in our culture, but it is a fact of life. Just as intelligent black or Jewish parents can help their children to cope with bigotry, so can homosexual parents." A child with a gay parent, just like a child with a nonconformist parent of any sort, is bound to go through periods of trauma. They can't look to our culture for much ballast.

Josh, my friend Margaret's 17-year-old, is obviously anxious about his mother's four-and-a-half-year relationship with her lover, Lila. That Christmas, we women tried to come to some understanding of the problem. Josh's hostility to Lila was growing, perhaps at the breaking point. When Lila visits their home, Josh doesn't even say hello. Normal teenage withdrawal? Sure. Post-puberty uneasiness about sex? Sure. Mark, at 11, and pre-puberty, is relaxed, in fact downright affectionate. Josh, at 17, is not in the least relaxed. Has he internalized at least some of society's continued negative attitude toward homosexuality? Inevitably. Does he just not like Lila, her relationship to his mother aside? A possibility. An awful lot depends on when a child is told about the parent's homosexuality. It is fairly well-agreed that by the time of puberty it is already too late, since prejudice has inevitably set in, and the child's personal sexual precariousness doesn't leave much room for understanding his or her "odd" parent.

"Just as intelligent black or Jewish parents can help their children to cope with bigotry, so can homosexual parents," says psychiatrist Judd Marmor

In Josh's case, it didn't help matters when his father brought a $100,000 alienation of affection suit against Lila, a move that was duly headlined in their small-town newspaper. He dropped the suit when Margaret said, "All right, do you *really* want to raise these kids?" Her husband hadn't wanted to raise the children, but as in most divorces, gay or straight, there was a lot of bitterness on both sides. At the time, Margaret's children got no flack in school from the newspaper article, but it would be naive to think the publicity did not take its toll.

When Sarah M., Judy's 14-year-old, learned her mother was gay, she was "embarrassed it would get around at school. Nobody I knew had a mother like that." Just a few weeks ago she got up the courage to tell one of her friends. "After I told her I said, 'Now do you hate me?' She said of course she didn't. She didn't see anything wrong with it and she still likes my mom." But Sarah is still full of anxiety about her mother; it shows in her tone of voice. I asked if she felt gay people were "sick." She said, "Naw, it's okay. Like I saw *Dog Day Afternoon*, the guys were gay, and I said, 'Right on!' I thought it was really neat. But I just wish my mom wasn't a part of it, know what I mean?"

Judy's other two daughters don't seem in the least anxious. "It really bothered me at first," said Elizabeth. "I just couldn't understand it. But a lot of what I was feeling was because Mom and I weren't getting along too well during that time. Now we're much closer and that's terrific." What little anxiety she does have revolves around the question of her mother "going public," becoming involved in gay rights, which periodically Judy, her high-powered establishment job aside, has considered doing. "Personally," Elizabeth says, "it would be touchy. In a way I'd be proud of what a strong mother I had. Discrimination toward anyone is not right. Like before, women couldn't even sign their own checks, their husbands had to. Having someone fight for gay people is terrific, but my mother? I don't know about that!"

Mary, the oldest, agrees. "I'd be really upset if she were on *Action News* every night where my friends could see her. But if she spoke publicly where there weren't any cameras, that's fine."

When a gay parent is politically active, the problem is intensified—for the children, for the parent and for the courts. Attorney Elwell says, "By and large, militantly gay people don't fare well on visitation or custody. The court wants to determine to what extent the parent is really interested in the children or just in the issue. It's difficult for the activist. It took one father a long time to realize he wasn't doing his case any good

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHELLY KATZ/BLACK STAR

Last December, Mary Jo Risher lost custody of her sons when the oldest testified that his mother's lesbianism embarrassed him. The case is on appeal.

by sitting in court holding hands with his lover, to him a political statement. The court looks for how much you're willing to compromise your politics for your children."

A case in point is that of another gay activist father, Bruce Voeller, 41, a former biology professor who, as co-executive director of the National Gay Task Force, now devotes all his energies to the gay rights movement.

At the time of his divorce, Voeller was granted full visitation rights with his three children. When his ex-wife subsequently learned he was gay, she went back to court. She claimed their oldest son was having psychological problems because of his father's activism, seeing him on television, in newspapers and so on. The American Civil Liberties Union's Sexual Privacy Project took the case in 1974, hoping to make it a precedent-setting one.

Voeller's children were examined by two doctors and found to have had good fathering, to be stable, healthy and solid kids. The court-appointed specialist was John Money, professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University, who has written a number of books on the physiology and psychology of sexual development and is considered one of the foremost authorities in the field.

He stated: "I am a strong advocate of the rights of children when parents divorce. All too often they get caught in the crossfire. . . . Parents may be of the highest caliber, or, by the same token, of the lowest caliber in their relationship with their children quite independently of, and apart from, their heterosexuality, bisexuality or homosexuality. Their fitness for visitation and custody should be judged on the criterion of parental caliber, not the criterion of the partner's sex."

The second expert, child psychiatrist Richard Gardner, testified that he agreed with Money in general but felt that Voeller's total milieu was too gay, that Voeller was obsessively involved in the gay rights movement and that this was detrimental to the children. He said, as example, that if Voeller were, say, at the Museum of Natural History with the children he would be too preoccupied with gay political thoughts to relate well to the children. On cross-examination the psychiatrist admitted that he would be equally concerned about the children of Martin Luther King, because of King's excessive preoccupation with the civil rights movement.

In the end, the court curbed Voeller's visitation rights. It was clear that his dedication to the gay rights movement weighed heavily. He can see the children for a few hours every other Sunday. His lover cannot be present, the children cannot stay overnight, he cannot take the children to gay rights marches (as he had taken them to anti-war marches when he was married) and he cannot mention the children by name or age to the press.

"We're appealing," says Voeller, "but it's been a wrenching experience. I miss my kids enormously. I miss most that quiet period after baths and pre-bedtime roughhousing when I used to read to them. Every night. We went through the four books of Tolkien 13 times!

"But I have no regrets. I'd do the same thing all over again. In a way, I'm giving to my children. I could work my ass off and leave them a fortune. To hell with money. What I'm doing is more important, certainly to me and other gay adults, and in the long run perhaps to them as members of a more equitable society."

Voeller is a gay rights activist who's trying to change public attitudes from within the system. More radical activists working to establish an alternative system don't stand a chance in custody cases.

Very few gay custody or visitation cases are officially reported. They

are either sealed by the court or settled prior to actual litigation. There are about a dozen officially reported decisions, which are currently running 50-50 and subject to future fluctuation, since a precedent in one state does not necessarily mean anything in another. In the cases that are considered "won," the majority are Pyrrhic victories for gay rights, since mothers who were awarded their children were barred from ever living with their female lovers. And fathers who were granted visitation rights were forbidden to have their lovers in the house when the children visited or stayed overnight.

"It's a matter of keeping the public image clean," says attorney Elwell. "The same standard is used for straight unmarried lovers, but gay people don't have the option of marrying. There's the legal bind, and the courts haven't yet dealt with this. Unless the marriage laws are changed, you can't use the same standards for gays and straights in instances such as these."

Perhaps this is the very bottom line of the issue: keeping the public image clean. Gay people are disturbing enough to the current status quo, but gay people who have children are doubly so, for they challenge one of our most sacrosanct institutions: the American nuclear family. Yet in the last 30 years, that nuclear family—mommy, daddy and the kiddies smiling à la Norman Rockwell—has become more a wistful painting than a reality. Last year there were a million divorces in this country; ten years ago the figure was 479,000. In March the U.S. Census Bureau reported there are now 11.5 million children living with one parent and that the number of families headed by women is up 30 percent over five years ago. In addition, the number of 25- to 34-year-olds who have never married is up 50 percent over five years ago. But even more interesting is the fact that the number of 25- to 54-year-olds who have separated or divorced and not remarried is up 43 percent.

The statistics don't mean, of course, that people are no longer marrying and having children. Nor do they mean that we've entered a period of national celibacy. But considerable numbers of people are forming unconventional relationships, and their children, if any, are part of this new form of coupling in which the old rules of rigid sex roles no longer apply. About 10 percent of this group are gay, if we use the generally accepted sociological yardstick that says that 10 percent (it may be higher) of all groupings are gay.

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Amitai Etzioni, as quoted in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, is alarmed by the latest Census Bureau findings: "If the present rates continue to accelerate, there will be no families left by 1995. The result in my judgment will be a disaster. . . . We are breeding a generation of neurotics. A child needs a reasonably stable home." (One can't help wondering about all the adult neurotics among us who have sprung from so-called stable nuclear families.)

In a social atmosphere fraught with dire predictions, there are some light moments. It's always tricky when a parent talks to a child about sex, even more so when the parent is gay. Janice, a 30-year-old schoolteacher, decided it was time to broach the subject of her lesbianism with Kate, her six-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

Kate: "I love going to visit Karen. We dance and I'm the boy."

Janice: "You don't have to be the boy, honey. You know, girls dance together too."

Kate: "I know that. Like at Grandma's Senior Citizen Club."

Janice: "Young women dance together, too."

Kate: "Oh yeah?"

Janice: "Katie, do you know what a lesbian is?"

Kate: "Sure."

Janice: "How do you know what a lesbian is?"

Kate: "Like Ms. Smith [her teacher in the progressive school she attends]. Hey, did you have a good time last night at Wanda's?" [This is Janice's lover.]

Janice: "Yes, we had a fine time."

Kate: "Did you go under the covers to cuddle and hug and kiss."

Janice: "Yes, we did."

Kate: "I thought so!" And all smiles, reports her mother, Kate went off to watch *The Bionic Woman*.

Judy M. kept putting off telling her daughters. "I just didn't want to deal with it. I talked with Mary, the oldest, first; she had already suspected and in her rational, calm way, the way she approaches everything, we had a good talk. As I was leaving her room she said, 'Mom, mind if I ask you something?' I said, 'Shoot.' She said, 'Do you think Nannie [her grandmother] was a lesbian?' I was flabbergasted and said, 'Jesus Christ, Mary, what's with you? What do you mean was Nannie a lesbian? My God, *my* mother a lesbian?' And Mary said, 'Mother, *my* mother's a lesbian!' Then we dissolved into laughter and hugs."

While the children and parents evolve their own solutions, the professional organizations continue to debate the issues. Last winter's American Psychological Association Council meeting considered a resolution asserting that homosexual parents should not be discriminated against on the basis of sexual preference in adoption, custody or foster cases. It was tabled. Opponents in the lively discussion said there was no available evidence on the role-modeling relationship between children and homosexual parents. An experimental psychologist, quoted in the *APA Monitor*, said, "I fear that if the resolution were passed we would see it worded in the press as follows, 'Psychologists say gay parents make good parents.' It's inappropriate for psychologists to make statements and pass resolutions without the presentation of data on which the resolutions should be based." The council is now in the process of rewriting the resolution.

Do gay parents make good parents? One might just as well ask: Do straight parents make good parents? Some do, some don't.

"Having someone fight for gay people is terrific," says a 15-year-old, "but my mother? I don't know about that"

We cannot look to the courts for much edification. There is no pattern. "Family court is a place where the possible homophobic prejudice of the judge can easily be reflected in the decision," says Mary L. Stevens, 33, a law student at Rutgers Law School-Newark. However, Stevens, who has a five-year-old daughter and is openly gay on campus (an unusual phenomenon in the law community), does feel that some judges are becoming increasingly aware of anti-gay prejudice. In some instances, it is becoming easier to treat gay custody suits like straight custody suits, making the sexual orientation of the parent irrelevant.

An important decision that reflects this attitude was handed down in Michigan. Two women, living together, had eight children between them. The court held that they "created an immoral atmosphere," and ruled that the women could continue to have custody of their children but only if they lived apart. Later, the court found that the women were again living together. The children were placed in foster homes. The women appealed, and lost. They appealed yet again and, finally, it was decided that "there was little, if any, material or admissible evidence to support the finding that the appellants' homosexual relationship rendered their home unfit for their children." This decision came in 1973, a first of its kind.

In December of 1975, there appeared in the *New York Times* one of those wrenching news photographs of an anguished woman collapsed in tears. In the photograph, she was being comforted by her mother and her lawyer. The woman, Mary Jo Risher, a 38-year-old Dallas nurse, had just lost custody of her nine-year-old son. The accompanying headline read: "Lesbian, in a Texas Trial, Loses Son to Ex-Husband."

The son did not want to live with his father, from whom his mother has been divorced for five years. He said, "Mama, I sure hope you get to keep me." But Risher's other, 17-year-old, son did. He told the jury that he was embarrassed by his mother's lesbianism and urged them to remove his younger brother from his mother's home. That home had consisted of Risher, her two sons, Risher's 30-year-old lover, Ann Foreman, and Foreman's 11-year-old daughter. The families had been living together for two and a half years. It was a jury trial, the first to consider a gay custody case. The ten men and two women voted 10-2 against custody; those who voted for custody were men, an accountant and a former player for the Dallas Cowboys. The case is being appealed.

As law student Stevens says, there is no pattern in the courts.

Where, then, can we look for edification? Perhaps the words of Brook's mother, Karla, 45, a former scientist turned writer—though admittedly biased—should be considered.

"I hate the term 'lesbian mother.' I'm always asked, 'As a lesbian mother, how do you find. . . ?' And I always say, 'You mean, as a parent?' The things my friends, gay and straight, are going through raising children have little to do with our sexual orientations. The husband of a friend of mine is a totally withdrawn person. He gives no love and accepts no love. The courts would not recognize this neuroticism vis-à-vis his children as a factor, but I find it most disturbing. My lesbianism, in and of itself, is often viewed as neuroticism, if not worse. The open, warm, loving, affectionate, caring aspects of my relationship with Brook are seldom weighed." ●

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yami
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DANNON Strawberry LOWFAT YOGURT
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YOGURT

GETTING INTO THE CULTURE

BY JUDITH HENNESSEE

Now offered in such varieties as Swiss style, soft-frozen, sundae style, chocolate covered on a stick and yoguburger, yogurt has become America's favorite "all-natural" snack

The rise of yogurt is an American success story in the best Horatio Alger tradition. Within 35 years, an obscure immigrant food from the wrong part of Europe that was struggling for a place in the American refrigerator has been transformed into the darling of the dairy industry and fully assimilated into the mainstream of native junk foods.

In 1975 Americans ate their way through 415 million pounds, or close to $300 million worth—up from a paltry $25 million worth in 1967.

Corporate cafeterias now stock yogurt—among them IBM. Chock full o'Nuts sells it, and it has been added to the coffee cart making the rounds at CBS offices. Airlines serve it, and it can be seen nestling among the potato chips, soda pop and plush sandwiches dispensed in the Amtrak club car. On the ski slopes of Aspen and Sun Valley, and between games at Forest Hills, Kennedys line up to buy it; on warm sunny afternoons the parks are dotted with people during the noon hour spooning it up for lunch. It comes wrapped in chocolate as Danny-On-A-Stick (made by Dannon) and as Push-Up (made by Knudsen). People cook with it and they diet with it; they consume it for dessert and as a snack. They eat it because they think it can "give you a lift," it's "a healthful food," it's "a food close to nature" and it "fits in with modern living."

Yogurt is ubiquitous.

The sour-tasting custard has insinuated itself into the lifestyles of more women than men. Males between the ages of 20 and 24 eat the least amount of yogurt. What this indicates about young men, nobody's quite sure. Statistically speaking, the biggest consumers of yogurt are white childless urban couples

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

"Unbelievable."

What would you say about a small wagon with a size and style all its own?

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What would you say about a small wagon that got an EPA estimated mileage of 30 MPG highway and 18 MPG city?

According to EPA estimated mileage results, the Aspen wagon got 30 MPG on the highway and 18 city. The Aspen coupe and sedan got 27 MPG highway and 18 city. All were equipped with a 225 Six and manual transmission. (Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment. In California, see your Dealer for mileage results.) Very nice, indeed!

What would you say about a small wagon with a ride that rivals that of a full-sized car?

A small wagon with a unique new front suspension that gives it a smooth, quiet ride you usually find in bigger cars. Aspen's Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's unbelievable!

What would you say about a small wagon with a price that starts at only $3,658?

That's based on the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the base wagon (not shown), excluding state and local taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment. The Aspen SE wagon, pictured above, starts at $3,988. The whitewalls, wheel covers, luggage rack, fender-mounted turn signals, bumper guards, and protective rub strips shown are $250 extra. Other Aspen prices start at only $3,336 for the coupe and $3,371 for the sedan.

Dodge

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it's unbelievable.

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with an income of $15,000 or over. The more children in the family, the less yogurt in the refrigerator. No attempt has yet been made to categorize yogurt-eaters politically. Seventy percent of all American yogurt is consumed in the Northeast and Pacific Coast states. Proportionately, non-native Americans buy more than natives, and Jews buy almost twice as much as Catholics and Protestants together.

Yogurt is successful enough to rate a machine, and at least three home yogurt-makers now share the market—Salton, Balkan and Natural Yogurt Maker. Bloomingdale's alone accounts for sales of 3,000 to 4,000 a year, most of them a $13 Salton model. Salton sold half a million last year, up 60 percent from 1974, when the machine was introduced.

Yogurt comes in four basic styles: plain, flavored (with vanilla, coffee or lemon), sundae and Swiss. There's also a Western twist—sundae style with syrup on top. Strawberry is the overwhelming favorite everywhere, with raspberry, blueberry and cherry following close behind.

The newest craze is soft-frozen yogurt, like frozen custard. Frostyogurt of Harrison, New York, came out with it three years ago in eight flavors; Hood's of Boston makes it; Breyer's sells frozen yogurt in at least one of its ice cream stores. Carrying the idea to its logical extreme, Dannon opened a New York store devoted entirely to yogurt in February 1975. Frostyogurt is sweet, competing unashamedly with ice cream, but Danny-Yo advertises itself as a food, not a dessert, "the ice cream alternative." Frozen yogurt has one-third the calories of ice cream, not counting the cone, and Dannon is exploring the idea of fast-food franchises in California and Florida. Yogurt may yet become the Baskin-Robbins of the health-conscious crowd. Among the store's specialties are birthday-cake yogurt, a two-layer pound cake filled with yogurt; yogurt-and-fruit drinks and the inevitable obeisance to McDonald's, a yoguburger—yogurt between honey wafers.

Such success demands hard work and a sympathetic *Zeitgeist*. It was not easy to climb out of the valley of obscurity and onto the plateau of mass culture.

And yogurt had a lot of problems. Not only did it sound as if it tasted awful, it had an un-American name. Outside of New York, the name had undesirable ethnic connotations well before it was chic to be ethnic. Gaylord Hauser popularized yogurt to some extent in the 1940s and 1950s, but a food with a reputation for being good for you—however deserved—was bound to sell badly, and yogurt remained hidden away in health-food stores. A major stumbling block was that on an everyday marketing level, it had no niche in the American diet. No one knew when to eat it. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were already spoken for, and the snack market was cornered by dozens of varieties of crackers and dips. To this day the biggest problem yogurt manufacturers face is getting people to try it. At least half the population remains resolutely uninterested in tasting it for the first time, despite the fact that yogurt has acquired a commercially sexy glaze. Even when it sits in the family refrigerator, usually only one person in the family indulges. Said Juan Metzger, chairman of the board of Dannon, "I don't think the average person eats more than 50 or 60 products a year, and we have preempted *when* we eat them. We don't eat ice cream for breakfast. So, with a new product, the first problem is:

Yogurt may yet become the Baskin-Robbins of the health-conscious crowd

Where do we fit in?"

Accordingly, until the seventies Dannon ads showed people eating yogurt in a variety of times and places, but it still didn't catch on. Common wisdom among dairy people argues that advertising, combined with the introduction of fruit—which drowned out the yogurt taste—made yogurt acceptable. It is true that people began to slurp down yogurt only after it became less yogurty, and plain yogurt is still not a best-seller anywhere. However, Dannon brought out the sundae style in 1946 (with fruit on the bottom, to be mixed by the consumer), long before the yogurt wave engulfed the country. Swiss style (with fruit suspended throughout) appeared in France in 1957 and was copied here shortly thereafter, and still nothing happened. Not even Bob Hope joking about it on national radio provided the impetus. "I flew over Greenland," he cracked, "and it looked like one big yogurt." For yogurt to become successful, a certain sophistication was necessary, and in the years after World War II, Americans were, globally speaking, still yokels.

In the late 1950s, hundreds of thousands of Americans toured Europe for the first time and discovered yogurt along with wine. Once home, they saw it advertised on television. Sales inched up. Cottage cheese diets were featured in *Vogue* for the beauty aristocracy, and Dannon began advertising yogurt as a diet food. It was only a matter of time before the big break came, and in the late 1960s the forces of history and technology converged. All the things that were wrong with yogurt suddenly became right. The flower children began eating it as part of their protest against American life. "Go Yogurt" buttons appeared. It was far out, it was cheap, it was ethnic, it was healthful, it was natural, it didn't foul the environment and, best of all, hardly anyone else was eating it except for a few scattered cosmopolites. The older generation, anxious to participate in the youth culture as well as in their children's lives, started eating it too. The splintering family made its contribution—fewer families sat down together regularly to eat large meals. American enterprise, noticing a potential gold mine, began its stupefying proliferation of brand names, most of them replete with stabilizers, preservatives, syrup, sugar, artificial flavor and artificial coloring.

Although the early days of yogurt are shrouded in the mists of speculation, ignorance and murky references, the fermented, slightly acid cultured milk is generally believed to have originated in the Middle East—probably as a means of preserving milk. Those versed in the lore of yogurt cite ancient texts in which it seems frequently to have been confused with other products of fermented milk. Historically, yogurt has enjoyed a reputation as a miracle food, and for centuries fermented preparations sloshed around in leather saddlebags on caravans and were associated with healthfulness and medicinal qualities. Herodotus referred to yogurt; so did Marco Polo. According to Pliny, the Assyrians thought yogurt ("lebeny") was a "divine" food as well as an indispensable remedy for practically all illnesses. Indian legend touts yogurt and honey as the food of the gods. Persian women creamed away their wrinkles with it; and Lemgo, a traveler and historian of the thirteenth century, described a special part of the palace of the Shah of Persia called *yoghourt-oeneck*, where the wondrous food was prepared.

Various ancient Arabic, Persian, Greek, Syrian and Hindu physicians raved about the versatility of yogurt's virtues. It was reputed to prevent epi-

Judith Hennessee is a contributing editor of [MORE] *magazine.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES JOERN

Last year, Dannon opened a walk-in soft-frozen yogurt store—"the ice cream alternative"—on N.Y.'s Upper East Side. Its success prompted a new store on Wall St., and Dannon is now exploring the possibility of fast-food franchises in California and Florida.

demics. Humayn wrote: "Laban strengthens the stomach, cures diarrhea, produces appetite, regulates the heat of the blood, purifies the humours, makes the blood more fluid, and gives a fresh and healthy color to the skin, lips, and mucous membranes." Avicenna, attending to the sensual side, said: "This acid milk awakens the desire for coitus in warm natures and makes the mucous membrane moist." Galen wrote: "This is very beneficial for the bilious and burning stomach and it changes the nature by purifying it." He also remarked that yogurt "has not the heat and burning quality of ordinary milk for people who cannot tolerate the latter." It was prescribed for diseases of the liver, stomach, blood and for tuberculosis.

Western Europe came late to the cultivation of yogurt. In the sixteenth century, the Emperor Francis I, who suffered steadily declining health, attributed the return of his vitality to yogurt, "the milk of life eternal." The apocryphal story of his rejuvenation is charming. All the remedies of the Emperor's most famous physicians were to no avail. Then it was rumored in the court that in Constantinople there dwelt a Jew famed for his cures. Forthwith, the Jew was summoned to France, whither he brought his goats, and prepared secretly a special milk. That milk was yogurt, and upon payment of a large sum, the method of its preparation was divulged to the Emperor's physicians.

But the miracle "milk" remained the Emperor's secret, and the modern responsibility for yogurt's popularity in Europe rests with Ilya Metchnikoff, a short, bearded Russian scientist, co-winner with Paul Ehrlich in 1908 of the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine. Metchnikoff, who was director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, became obsessed with the idea of his own longevity and decided that the secret of aging lay in the intestine, which he described as a rank and noxious place inhabited by putrefying bacteria that poisoned the system. Unable to discover an efficient method of eliminating the intestine, he turned his attention to the longevity tables and discovered Bulgaria. Four out of every thousand Bulgarians lived to be more than 100. The average age was 87. Bulgarians also ate great quantities of yogurt. In a leap of scientific faith, Metchnikoff quickly concluded that yogurt ensured longevity. (Yogurt [*yō-ghurt*] is a Turkish word. The Bulgarians were constantly being overrun by the Turks.) Analyzing Bulgarian yogurt, Metchnikoff found *Lactobacillus bulgaricus*, the magic ingredient that killed the intestine's putrescent bacteria. In his book, *The Prolongation of Life: Studies of Optimistic Philosophy*, he wrote that *L. bulgaricus* took up residence in the intestine, guarding it against the "wild" and toxic bacteria. For years, Metchnikoff grew the culture at the Pasteur Institute and consumed yogurt daily before dying in 1916 at the disappointingly young age of 71.

Despite Metchnikoff's efforts, the French did not wax enthusiastic about yogurt. Around 1915, however, a Spanish businessman named Isaac Carasso took up the cause. Carasso called it "the Dessert of Happy Digestion." He named the product Danone, after his son, Daniel, and began manufacturing it in Barcelona in 1916. The rest of Western Europe gradually caught on. When Carasso died, his son Daniel emigrated to New York, followed a short time later by some old family friends named Metzger. Danone was anglicized and founded in 1942.

Other yogurts were here already. The Colombosian family, from Armenia,

founded the first yogurt dairy in the country in Andover, Mass., in 1929. Their product, Colombo, made from whole milk, is still one of the best and most interesting of the Eastern yogurts. Another family business, begun by the Kazanis family in 1930, was ensconced in the Bronx, making Oxygala. (Oxygala is Greek for sour milk. *Oxy* means "sharp, the best of"; *gala* means "milk.") The advent of Dannon encouraged Oxygala to change its name to Lacto. "They were selling nothing and we were selling less than nothing," Juan Metzger said. Undaunted, a man named Dr. Gaymont began selling yogurt in Chicago and, in California, a firm called Yami went into business.

Although a flurry of yogurt activity rippled across the country, it took the inauguration of Dannon's big promotional campaign (for which every other yogurt manufacturer had reason to be grateful) to really launch the product. As a result, Dannon wound up as the number one brand east of the Mississippi and as a subsidiary of the Beatrice Food Corporation. Now a 76-year-old Chicago company, Beatrice had an estimated $4.7 billion in sales last year—some of it deriving from another brand of yogurt, Johnston's, number two in California.

Lacking an advertising budget, Lacto retaliated by entering the anonymous but lucrative supermarket-label business. Large supermarket chains that don't have their own dairies buy yogurt from the lowest bidder, stamp it with their private labels and market it as their house brand. The difference in price is sometimes startling—41¢ for the standard brands and 31¢ for the private label. In the East, Pathmark, Shoprite, Food Fair, Stop & Shop and Key Food labels are all made by Lacto, which can also be bought under its own name. Lacto also makes the only widely sold kosher yogurt in the U.S., although Dannon has a kosher sideline called Mehadrin, sold in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Colombo has recently attempted to grab a larger share of Dannon's market. Yami is still strong in the West, and Dr. Gaymont has become a franchise.

Such commercial success and an interest in bacteriology have prompted scientists to explore the mysteries of the yogurt culture. Octogenarian Bulgarians aside, yogurt does seem to have something unusual about it. Exactly what it is remains elusive, but some of the research results have been extraordinary.

One series of experiments indicated that yogurt might contain a substance that lowers cholesterol by inhibiting the amount the body produces. Dr. George V. Mann, associate professor of biochemistry and medicine at Vanderbilt University, and Anne Spoerry, of the African Medical Research Foundation, fed large quantities of yogurt to a group of Masai tribesmen in East Africa. The Masai normally eat about a gallon a day of fermented milk (their own kind of yogurt), plus a weekly gorge on meat. They have very little heart disease and a lower cholesterol count than the average American male. After wallowing for three weeks in Dr. Mann's extra yogurt, and gaining weight in the bargain, the Masai blood cholesterol level was even lower than it had been before. The more weight they gained, the lower their cholesterol level. Back home in Tennessee, Dr. Mann repeated the experiment several times: 30 to 40 people ate 1 to 4 liters of yogurt a day (a liter is a little more than a quart). Their serum cholesterol was reduced by 20 to 50 percent. Dr. Mann is presently trying to isolate and characterize the material in yogurt that will explain his findings.

In other experiments, yogurt has been effective in treating both infantile diarrhea and geriatric constipation. The former use of yogurt is well known in the Balkan and Middle Eastern countries, where it is a popular remedy for *turista*,

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How to make yogurt

Yogurt can be made with whole or skim milk, cow's, camel's, yak's or any other animal's. If you don't want to invest in a yogurt machine ($9.95–$19.95), yogurt is easy to make at home. Dissolve 3 to 4 tablespoons of plain commercial yogurt at room temperature into a quart of almost boiled milk. The milk temperature should be about 112 to 120 degrees F. Stir the mixture well, pour it into individual dishes, cover the dishes securely and let them stand at room temperature for 6 to 8 hours, or until the yogurt has thickened and set. (Some recipes recommend covering it with "woolen material" for 5 to 10 hours to minimize heat loss, but that seems to be going a bit far.) If you can regulate your oven to 112 degrees F., the inoculated milk can be put into the oven for 3 to 5 hours (depending on how sour you like your yogurt), or until the milk has curdled. Then refrigerate the yogurt immediately: refrigeration stops the fermentation. The longer it stands, the more the bacteria ferment and the more acidulous it gets. The ideal pH is considered to be 4.2.

Your yogurt won't come out with the same texture and consistency as the commercial varieties, but it will be yogurt. Commercial establishments, which add nonfat milk solids, have their own time and temperature variations and machines to rotate the bacteria so that a yogurt culture can be made to taste and feel like sour cream.

but American medical science has generally gone off in more pharmaceutical directions. In the infantile diarrhea experiment, one group of infants was fed yogurt and another Neomycin-kao-pectate. Most of the first group recovered in one to three days. Those on kao-pectate took seven days. The geriatric experiment, which involved prune whip yogurt, was more equivocal. We all know about prunes. Their efficacy has nothing to do with yogurt, and why this experiment was conducted in the first place remains one of those baffling chapters in the annals of medical science. The results were predictable: chronically ill patients who had a long history of terrible nutrition and other illnesses no longer required a laxative when they were fed prune whip yogurt. The side effects proved more worthy of note. During the time they were eating the yogurt, patients who also had diabetic ulcers reported that the sores had cleared up. When they stopped eating yogurt, the sores returned—and so did the constipation.

No one can satisfactorily explain what the yogurt bacteria do or how they do it, although certain facts are known. The fermentation in yogurt is accomplished by the symbiotic action of two bacteria—*Lactobacillus bulgaricus* and *Streptococcus thermophilus* (a cousin of the virulent variety). In the course of growth, these bacteria break down the milk sugar lactose into lactic acid—thus the acid taste—and continue to work while they are becoming part of the digestive process. Yogurt is easier to digest than milk because the milk protein is partially broken down by the bacteria. People who can't drink milk (lactose intolerance) fare better eating yogurt. Also, yogurt has the proven ability to restore the normal balance of microflora in the large intestine after illness. At this point, confusion sets in.

There are some 438 organisms in the *Lactobacillus* grouping, including the one in yogurt—*L. bulgaricus*. Metchnikoff's theory was that *L. bulgarici* were normal residents of the intestine and that yogurt encouraged their growth. But yogurt bacteria are not naturally present in the intestine and cannot just move in and flourish there. It is impossible for the bacteria to withstand the peristaltic rigors of the intestinal tract. If the hydrochloric acid doesn't get them, the bile will. Whatever it is yogurt bacteria do, they do very quickly, in the 30 seconds to 60 minutes they have before being annihilated. Other strains of lactobacilli, however, are inhabitants of the intestine, the predominant one being *L. acidophilus*. Metchnikoff was on the right track, he just had the wrong bacteria.

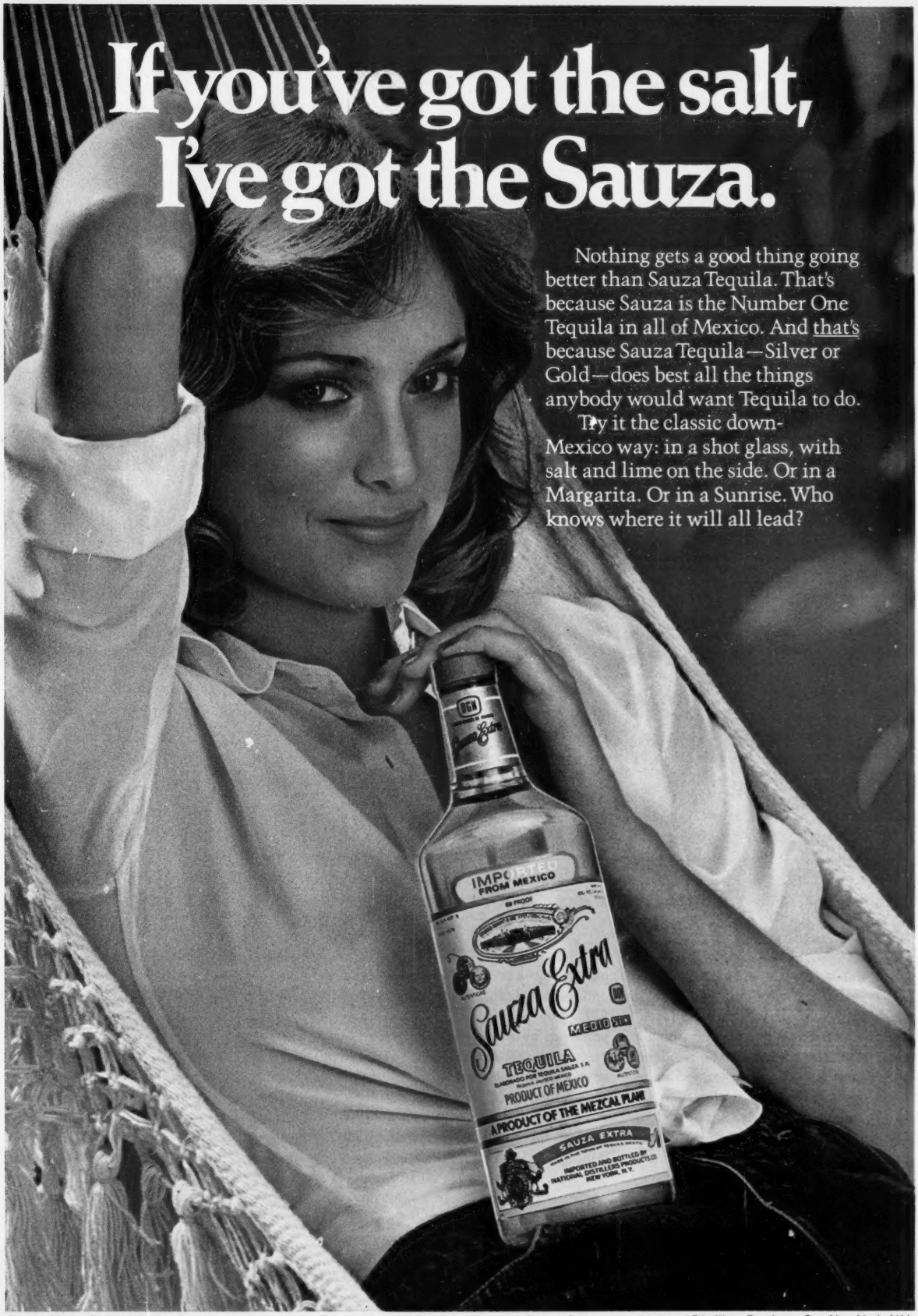
"Yogurt isn't a national favorite," says a Dannon executive. "The big markets are Los Angeles and New York. The Midwest is kind of a yogurt wasteland"

An astonishing number of people who take their yogurt seriously eat it because they think it contains *L. acidophilus*, and some yogurt manufacturers do add it to the cultures. One of these is Erivan, a very tart variety sold in Eastern health-food stores. However, according to research done by Marvin Speck, professor of food science and microbiology at North Carolina State University, an exceptional amount of *L. acidophilus* needs to be added to make a difference, which would result in an exceptionally sour yogurt. All of which indicates that the action of *L. bulgaricus* is more that of a catalyst than a direct agent.

When prescribing antibiotics, doctors also commonly prescribe a container of yogurt two or three times a day because the drugs indiscriminately wipe out all the bacteria in the intestinal tract. Antibiotics do the same in the vagina, leaving both areas vulnerable to disorders other than the ones being treated. For other vaginal infections, yogurt is on less certain ground. In the last few years, the women's self-help movement has popularized yogurt douches to fight monilia infections. The normal acidity of the vagina, which prevents infections, also sustains a population of lactobacilli. When the acidity and the lactobacilli are disturbed—by antibiotics, for example—monilia fungi seize the opportunity to grow. Theoretically, yogurt should restore the vaginal flora. No studies have yet been made and no scholarly articles written to lend weight to this bit of folk wisdom. The majority of medical opinion, always conservative, ranges from "trendy, voguish, of no value " to outright "baloney." However, many women say that yogurt works for them. Others have had no luck. A small minority of doctors recommend it when all else fails and report the same results. "Sometimes it helps," said one gynecologist, "sometimes not."

In addition to being a food and a drug, yogurt is also a cosmetic. Those Persian women seem to have known what they were doing. "It's very good for the skin," says Mario Badescu, a New York skin-care specialist who uses natural fruits, vegetables and oils in his preparations. "Cucumber, buttermilk, yogurt—they all smooth the skin and dissolve impurities. They're good for oily skin. I've used a lot of yogurt in face masks, but you can't use it in lotions because you have to add preservatives." The operative ingredient is lactic acid.

In the current market parlance, yogurt has come a long way from the simple dietary elixir of yore. Now in the full flower of its decadence, yogurt is in the throes of an identity crisis. If its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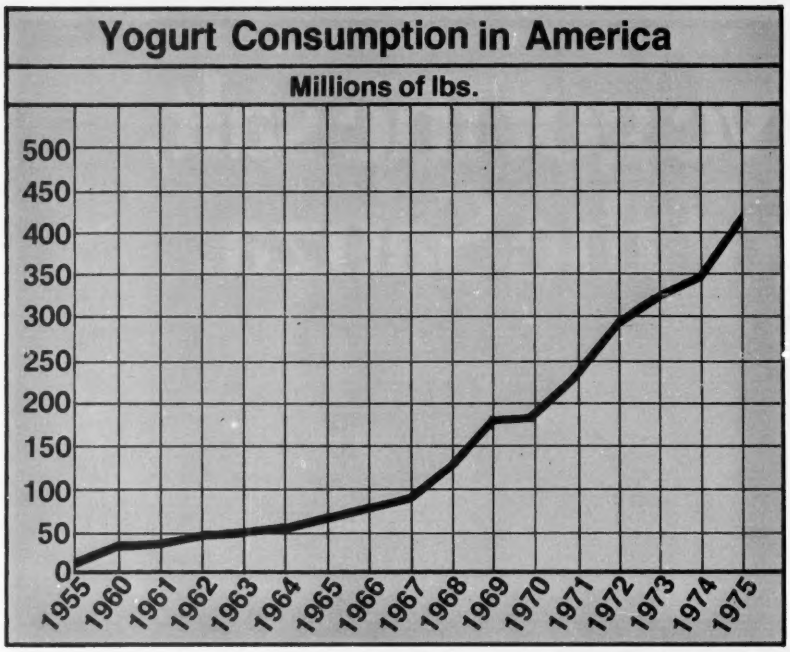

place in supermarket dairy cases is assured, its purpose in life has become schizophrenic.

In a 1975 survey of 400 households on consumer attitudes toward yogurt done in central Pennsylvania, Dr. Manfred Kroger and Steven R. Fram established that 161 households consumed yogurt. Of these, 74 percent said they preferred fruit-flavored yogurt. About half of them liked the Swiss style, 40 percent liked the sundae style and 11 percent had no preference. Twenty-one percent liked their yogurt plain, a surprising development in view of a 1972 United Dairy Industry Association survey in which plain yogurt accounted for only 10.6 percent of total sales. Plain yogurt has made inroads, but the figures lead inexorably to the conclusion that most people who eat yogurt in one or another of its forms don't really like yogurt. They really like sugar and custard.

And if yogurt with fruit proved such a bonanza, why not yogurt with vegetables? So reasoned the Jolly Green Giant, who tried to get his toe into the yogurt market and fell flat on his face. Green Giant put out a refrigerated Vegetable Yogurt in four flavors—garden salad, cucumber salad, beet salad and tomato salad—and test-marketed the new product in Cleveland last fall and winter. "The idea was to combine the tart, tangy flavor of yogurt with the crunchy, crispy texture of vegetables," said Barney Barton, who developed the taste treat, but Cleveland's palate did not run to tart crunches. Vegetable Yogurt was discontinued.

Cleveland was not alone in its judgment. Green Giant brought the concoction to the professionals, offering exclusive rights on the Eastern Seaboard to Lacto. "We tasted the Green Giant product," said John Kazanis, president of Lacto. "Nobody took a second spoonful." Green Giant has conducted a costly, extensive telephone survey of yogurt-users which the company is still tabulating to determine the future, if any, of its product. Until then, Vegetable Yogurt is in limbo.

Actually, Green Giant could have asked the Dannon people. In 1958 Dannon put out Vegetable Salad Yogurt. "It was our Edsel," said Juan Metzger.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, Del Monte has contributed Little Lunch to the yogurt boom. Little Lunch is canned yogurt. The secret of its existence is a dead culture, a feature that provides an eternal shelf life, discounting nutritional deterioration and Acts of God. Dead yogurt cultures are produced by sterilizing and pasteurizing the yogurt—the heat kills the bacteria. Little Lunch is achieved by adding concentrated yogurt culture to reconstituted and prepasteurized nonfat milk. This starter culture is then added to larger batches of the milk. After fermentation, the batch is quickly cooled, the yogurt sterilized and the fruit added. Little Lunch comes in blueberry, strawberry, raspberry, peach and pineapple. It has been in test markets since the fall of 1973 in northern California, Los Angeles and the Denver area, and Del Monte is pleased with its performance. As far as Del Monte knows, nobody else is canning yogurt, but the company is not yet sure whether it will market the product nationally. "Yogurt isn't a national favorite," says Joseph Kremer, director of new products. "The big markets are Los Angeles and New York. The Midwest is kind of a yogurt wasteland." Little Lunch, which very carefully does not call itself yogurt, raises two important yogurt questions: shelf life and bacteria.

Bacteria are the *sine qua non* of yogurt. Yogurt is simply not yogurt without them. Plain, natural (nothing artificial added) yogurt should contain about 20 billion live bacteria per milliliter. But there is no federal standard of identity for yogurt. The product's success is too recent for the national machinery to have been cranked up, and there hasn't been an outpouring of consumer complaints to quicken the process. It's a rare consumer who can sit down in his or her laboratory and run a bacteria count. In fact, the majority of consumers don't care whether their bacteria are dead or alive. The Kroger-Fram-Penn State survey revealed that 56 percent of yogurt-eaters were blissfully ignorant of the fact that yogurt contained bacteria. One result of this indifference is that all sorts of deviations pass themselves off quite legally as yogurt, regardless of the moral fraud involved. Many yogurts contain fewer bacteria than they ought, and at least one popular brand, Light n' Lively (Sealtest), pasteurizes its yogurt—which means all the bacteria are killed. Light n' Lively is the second best-selling brand in the East.

Natural yogurt, with its full complement of bacteria, shipped directly from the plant to the store with no warehouse storage in between, has a shelf life of 20 to 25 days. It should last about a week in your refrigerator. Dannon, one of the few companies that does not have a warehouse, sells only east of the Mississippi. However, unless the consumer follows the yogurt and stands outside the supermarket comparing the date of delivery with the date on the container, there is no way to know how fresh the product is.

After 20 to 25 days, natural yogurt begins to deteriorate—the yogurt separates, the nutritional values weaken, mold forms. The bacteria remain active while yogurt is on the shelf, and the product then becomes too sour for most people's liking. To correct these deficiencies, most yogurt manufacturers reduce the number of bacteria and/or embalm their product in stabilizers and preservatives, thus extending the shelf life to 60 or more days. (Stabilizers keep the texture firm; they also reduce the number of bacteria.) Without additives, there

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Scientists have produced a personal communications system so small that it can easily fit in your pocket. It's called the PocketCom and it replaces larger units that cost considerably more.

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The PocketCom's range is limited only by its 100 milliwatt power and the number of metal objects between units or from a few blocks in the city to several miles on a lake. Its receiver is so sensitive, that signals several miles away can be picked up from stronger citizens band base or mobile stations.

VERY SIMPLE OPERATION

To use the PocketCom simply turn it on, extend the antenna, press a button to transmit, and release it to listen. And no FCC license is required to operate it. The PocketCom has two Channels—channel 14 and an optional second channel. To use the second channel, plug in one of the 22 other citizens band crystals and slide the channel selector to the second position. Crystals for the second channel cost $7.95 and can only be ordered after receipt of your unit.

The PocketCom components are equivalent to 112 transistors whereas most comparable units contain only twelve.

A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH

The PocketCom's small size results from a breakthrough in the solid state device that made the pocket calculator a reality. Mega scientists took 112 transistors, integrated them on a micro silicon wafer and produced the world's first transceiver linear integrated circuit. This major breakthrough not only reduced the size of radio components but improved their dependability and performance. A large and expensive walkie talkie costing several hundred dollars might have only 12 transistors compared to 112 in the Mega PocketCom.

BEEP-TONE PAGING SYSTEM

You can page another PocketCom user, within close range, by simply pressing the PocketCom's call button which produces a beep tone on the other unit if it has been left in the standby mode. In the standby mode the unit is silent and can be kept on for weeks without draining the batteries.

SUPERIOR FEATURES

Just check the advanced PocketCom features now possible through this new circuit breakthrough: 1) Incoming signals are amplified several million times compared to only 100,000 times on comparable conventional systems. 2) Even with a 60 decibel difference in signal strength, the unit's automatic gain control will bring up each incoming signal to a maximum uniform level. 3) A high squelch sensitivity (0.7 microvolts) permits noiseless operation without squelching weak signals. 4) Harmonic distortion is so low that it far exceeds EIA (Electronic Industries Association) standards whereas most comparable systems don't even meet EIA specification. 5) The receiver has better than one microvolt sensitivity.

EXTRA LONG BATTERY LIFE

The PocketCom has a light-emitting diode low-battery indicator that tells you when your 'N' cell batteries require replacement. The integrated circuit requires such low power that the two batteries, with average use, will last weeks without running down.

The PocketCom can be used as a pager, an intercom, a telephone or even a security device.

MULTIPLEX INTERCOM

Many businesses can use the PocketCom as a multiplex intercom. Each employee carries a unit tuned to a different channel. A stronger citizens band base station with 23 channels is used to page each PocketCom. The results: an inexpensive and flexible multiplex intercom system for large construction sites, factories, offices, or farms.

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The PocketCom is manufactured exclusively for JS&A by Mega Corporation. JS&A is America's largest supplier of space-age products and Mega Corporation is a leading manufacturer of innovative personal communication systems—further assurance that your modest investment is well protected. The PocketCom should give you years of trouble-free service, however, should service ever be required, simply slip your 5 ounce PocketCom into its handy mailer and send it to Mega's prompt national service-by-mail center. It is just that easy.

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Each PocketCom comes complete with mercury batteries, high performance Channel 14 crystals for one channel, complete instructions, and a 90 day parts and labor warranty. To order by mail, simply mail your check for $39.95 per unit (or $79.90 for two) plus $2.50 per order for postage, insurance and handling to the address shown below. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax). But don't delay.

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would be no such thing as Swiss style—the fruit would sink to the bottom in a soggy mess. No yogurt manufacturer with any claim to being natural produces Swiss style. Said Lacto's John Kazanis: "In the old yogurt countries—Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania—they'd hang before they'd make the Swiss style."

Because of the relatively short shelf life, there is no national brand of yogurt. Health-food stores, however, stock exotic brands from faraway places at higher prices, all of them supposedly natural and extra healthy and superior to the ordinary brands sold to the masses in supermarkets. Two New York health-food store yogurts, Maya and Continental Royal, come from California. Air-freighted and then trucked, they have a shelf life of about a month. How they manage to remain fresh and unspoiled, particularly after another week at home in the refrigerator, is a mystery several East Coast yogurt makers have tried unsuccessfully to plumb. All yogurt makers try to duplicate one another's product in the privacy of their own plants, to see what the opposition is up to.

"We tried to rejuvenate Continental's culture," said one, "and we couldn't." Said another, "With live bacteria, we don't see how they can get the shelf life."

I asked health-food store employees why they stocked these particular brands. The composite reply was: "Because they're better for you. They're more natural." Evidently, nobody reads labels.

Maya's sundae style is artificially colored. Its labels (plain and fruit) say that it contains carrageenan, which is a stabilizer derived from Irish moss, a seaweed. (Eighty percent of the stabilizers in yogurt come from algae, Irish moss and kelp.) Continental's label says, "This yogurt is the result of over ten centuries of experience in the art of cultured milk products." Continental is another family business, transplanted from Macedonia by the Cubilevic (pronounced Se*bale*vitch) family. Vasa Cubilevic was given an award of merit for his yogurt by King Peter II of Yugoslavia in 1940, and came to the U.S. in 1955, bringing his Balkan secrets with him. "We use live bacteria cultures," Cubilevic said categorically. "There are no chemicals in our yogurt."

Continental had a small problem about a year ago with potassium sorbate, a preservative used to prevent fruits from getting moldy. According to the Byzantine labeling practices worked out between government and industry, it's all right to have up to 1/10 of 1 percent of potassium sorbate without mentioning it on the label. When dairy inspectors discovered a higher level, Continental had to relabel an entire batch to declare the sorbate. Cubilevic says the chemical came from Continental's fresh fruit supplier, whereupon he immediately changed suppliers.

The prevailing wisdom in the milk lobbying industry is that many of the chemicals used in yogurt are really natural. One example given is carrageenan, which is presumably natural to Irish moss. "Milk is a chemical," they say, and so it is. For that matter, people are chemicals. Such statements have helped to make government what it is today.

Strictly speaking, natural yogurt is made solely by two bacteria fermenting milk. Nothing else is natural to yogurt. When Dannon says "no artificial anything," it is talking about stabilizers and preservatives. Every widely sold yogurt has *something* added that is not natural to yogurt—nonfat milk solids, sugar or honey, instant coffee, vanilla and so on. Dannon doesn't add anything else. Lacto and Breyer's, two other natural

Light n' Lively blueberry yogurt has 298 calories. An ice cream soda has 325

brands, add natural flavors to their sundae style. (Pectin, an extract of apples and citrus fruit, is a natural flavor.) Most other large companies, such as Johnston's in California, have split personalities—a natural plain yogurt and a stabilized and preserved fruit line, frequently with artificial color and flavor.

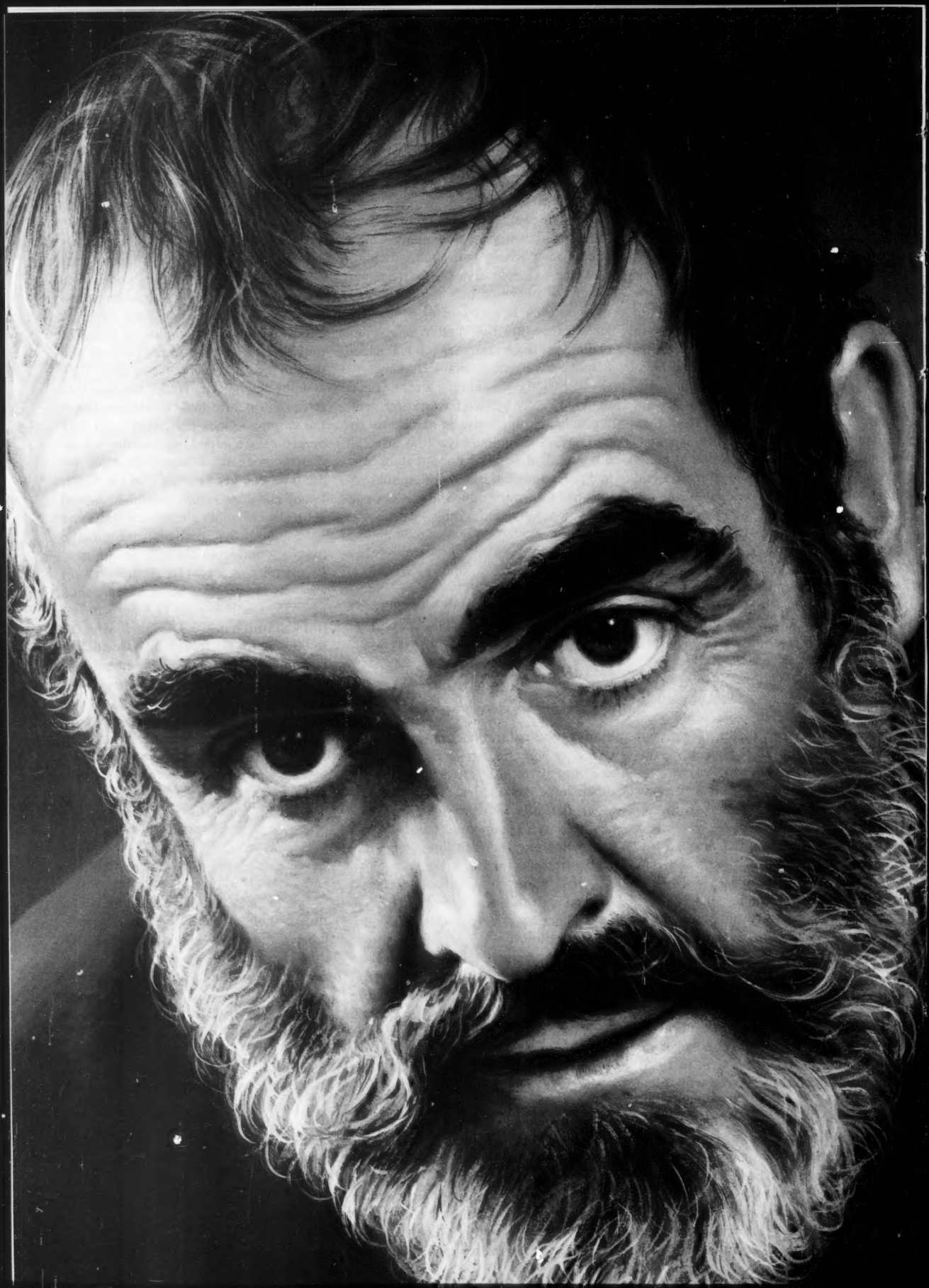
A further thought for paranoiacs: It is conceivable that not all of the yogurts claiming to be natural could withstand scrutiny.

Some manufacturers keep sorbates on the premises to add to their fruit varieties. The temptation to add a little to the plain yogurt is always there, since the milk for both plain and fruit comes out of the same spigot. On the whole, *caveat emptor.*

"If you don't eat right, yogurt is the right thing to eat," suggests the Dannon commercial. Even though it can be delicious, yogurt is good for you. But it is not an all-purpose food, any more than milk is. Like milk, yogurt is deficient in iron, copper and Vitamin C. It is not as good a source of protein as meat or fish. As a diet snack, yogurt has a terrific satiety value. If you eat it slowly, you can fill up. Actually, the idea of yogurt as a dieting aid came from an old Dannon advertising campaign begun in the fifties. Other yogurts don't make that claim, but they don't advertise much either, leaving the consumer to make a connection that doesn't exist.

Depending on the formula, 8 ounces of plain yogurt contain 135 to 165 calories. (The caloric count on the label is approximate. The exact amount depends on fractions of fat and milk solids which the FDA does not consider necessary to include. For a more accurate count, multiply the number of grams of protein and carbohydrates by four and the number of grams of fat by nine. Then add the totals.) Generally, the less butterfat and nonfat milk solids, the fewer the calories. Once the flavors and fruit preserves are added, serious dieting becomes an exercise in self-delusion. By the time you get through with the sugar, honey and corn syrup, you might as well eat a slice of apple pie (330 calories) and have done with it, perhaps gaining a little psychic comfort in the bargain. Light n' Lively (99 percent fat free) blueberry yogurt nas 298 calories. An ice cream soda has 325. Lacto low fat (1.4 percent fat) tropical fruit has 280. Dannon low fat (98 to 99 percent fat free) fruits are all 260. Colombo whole milk (3.5 percent fat) fruits are 230 to 240. The thickest, richest and most fattening brands are Maya and Continental Royal. Maya plain contains cream. Continental uses extra-rich milk. Both of them achieve a taste and texture somewhere between sour cream and unsweetened whipped cream. Their butterfat content runs to about 5 to 6.5 percent and their calories to about 250. The fruit varieties are around 300, with fat accounting for roughly one-third the amount.

The health and dietary confusions surrounding yogurt are perhaps an inevitable result of its Americanization. All things considered, it was a feat to get a germ-fearing, bug-killing, anti-bacterial society to accept yogurt at all. But ironically, in the process of turning yogurt into an acceptable fast food, we've destroyed its essence. In sacrificing the beneficial bacteria to a longer shelf life, yogurt has been pasteurized, sterilized and preserved into conformity—stamped by American know-how. It is a health food with diminished bacteria, a natural food with a few chemicals sprinkled in, a diet food rich in sugar. Raymond Sokolov, author of *The Saucier's Apprentice*, remarked, "Having raspberry jam on the bottom is certainly not immoral, but it's not yogurt." ●



After the spectacular success of the Bondface and equally spectacular failures such as The Hill, Sean Connery is pioneering a new hero for the screen: sagging, greying, creaking, widening and thinning, yet undeniably romantic

By Marjorie Rosen

A star is reborn

It seems to me that we've recently left the metaphysical cinema behind us and are entering the era of the physiological; in this context, here's a cornerstone question for contemplation: *Are movies going through male menopause?*

Now a few Movie Star riddles:

What happens to the persona of a sexual superman when he grows older and balder? What happens to a myth when it grows outmoded? to the man who elevates a character to the stuff of popular legend but, in trying to free himself, both maker and myth stumble?

And a few surprising answers:

The man, if he's Sean Connery, a.k.a. James Bond, dusts himself off, removes his toupee and shows us he can act. He also—inadvertently, perhaps, and single-handedly—resurrects the classical notion of the Hero, then humanizes him for mass consumption. That is, our Hero shows us his crow's feet, his scalp, his butt, his fears. Witness *The Wind and the Lion*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Robin and Marian*.

New York. The Waldorf Astoria's Blue and Gold Room is spiffy and gilt-clotted. About 75 people in formal dress are milling around a huge oval table. They could be at a bar mitzvah, these men removing their tuxedo jackets for ventilation and mopping beads of water from their brows; these women, smiling too brightly as their chiffon skirts whisper in the noon heat. But, in fact, it's no bar mitzvah; they are movie extras and this is a rehearsal of a scene from *The Next Man*, a movie starring Sean Connery as a far-seeing Saudi Arabian visionary who, by proposing Israel as a non-producing member of OPEC, becomes a target for political assassination.

Soon the visionary enters. Connery looks swarthy, tanned, just back from a spring golf vacation in the Bahamas. His greying beard is immaculately trimmed. His brown shirt is unbuttoned to the waist; the sleeves are rolled up, and a faded tattoo plays peekaboo with his right arm. He walks through the scene, careful to hit his marks. Casually, director Richard Serafian *(Vanishing Point, The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing)* huddles with him. Along with cameraman Michael Chapman (who photographed *Taxi Driver* so exquisitely), he irons out problems like a quarterback and his lineman discussing strategy. They go through it. Again. And again. It's grueling, the boredom.

Repeating the fragments of a would-be scene so relentlessly requires the patience of a saint. Connery, it seems, has that patience. He's cool, laid-back, distant; seemingly as emotionally detached as a funeral director. All that waiting, it requires, well, concentration.

"Taking off my toupee and playing older, not younger, doesn't seem to me to be particularly courageous, just honest," Sean Connery says eight takes and two hours later. "It's cyclical that *The Wind and the Lion*, *The Man Who Would Be King* and *Robin and Marian* came along, one after the other; they just happened to be period pieces about men in the older bracket, 40, 50, 55, and quite removed from what I'd previously done, pictures like *The Hill* or *Zardoz*. You see," he adds, that familiar, quirky Bondsmile reshaping the face, "there are other people, actors, who *are* the age I'm playing; I'm *not* that age." He's 46. "Besides, we've all no choice about growing old. Not to acknowledge it indicates standing still. Yet everything, *whether you want it or not*, evolves."

Except in the movies. Or, more aptly, the movies as we knew and loved them. In the days when kids spent Saturday afternoons at their local movie theaters and adults hired babysitters to catch the double bill that evening, movies were a testament to stasis. Cary Grant at 55 looking as he had at 35. And Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, John Wayne or Clark Gable as well. Ageless, they looked, the masculine equivalent of glamour. It was part of Hollywood's magic, this time warp created on screen; for movie stardom bestowed a kind of immortality on its chosen few.

Now, however, movies seem to be short on magic and long on blemishes. If glamour has been redefined, or reduced (according to some), by the ascension of our Streisands and Minnellis, certainly we can see a parallel trend emerging with those male stars who, according to polls, occupy nine top box-office berths for every one held by a woman (Streisand was the only female who made Top Ten B.O. in 1975). Jack Nicholson, for example, has never made any effort to cover his balding pate. Nobody faulted Bertolucci for a credibility gap when he paired an aging, thickening Brando with nubile Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris*; and the way Arthur Penn's camera lingers on Brando's roughly 275 pounds of nude flesh sloshing in a bathtub in *The Missouri Breaks* tells us that if the two of them secretly think fat ain't so beautiful, they *also* feel that the Brando presence can transcend such doubts. George Burns, Walter Matthau and Art Carney may not give Redford any sleepless nights, but they've all collected Oscars in the past few years, as did Jack Lemmon for going through mid-life *sturm und drang* in *Save the Tiger*. Today age, with its attendant sagging, creaking, widening and thinning,

ILLUSTRATION BY BIRNEY LETTICK

is crawling onto the screen with a dashing new flamboyance, an almost-defiant visibility.

And perhaps no personality has made aging so viable, attractive and seemingly epidemic than Sean Connery in his last three pictures. Oddly enough, playing older seems to have revitalized his career as well, legitimizing him as an actor and recovering a focus lost when he disowned James Bond.

A flashback:

Connery's James Bond was perhaps the international superstud of the sixties and the most fertile masculine iconography of that decade. When he emerged with *Dr. No* in 1962, Hollywood's aging heroes and screen traditions seemed to be dying off like fruit flies swimming into sticky paper on a summer porch. Gable and Cooper had already passed away, Brando was skidding downhill and Newman was feeling out the avant-garde of a new order, the anti-hero, the amoral rebel, whose pulse would race strong later in the decade in *Hud* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

Bridging the gap between hero and anti-hero was Connery's Bond. Here was the private eye-cum-cowboy for the technological age, with his sci-fi gismo and global confrontations replacing *mano a mano* combat and small-town justice—his sexual irresistibility and indulgence replacing the Platonic and monogamous disinterest of the screen's frontier hero. It's striking that, for a generation of women emerging stronger, more educated and more sexually willful than ever, Bond acted out in graphic, living color the subtler dynamics of a Mickey Spillane or Sam Spade; he was the punch 'em-fuck 'em-kill 'em gumshoe salvaging the Western World with his computer brain and, if that failed, his cock. Think of .007 bedding down the deadly Sapphic Pussy Galore in a haystack *(Goldfinger)*; .007 playing off the favors of a tawny Ursula Andress in order to stop mad Dr. No, inventor of a breathtaking device that interfered with Cape Canaveral rocket launchings; .007 doing battle with S.P.E.C.T.R.E. agent Lotte Lenya and the surprise knives fashioned to her boots *(From Russia With Love)*.

To an audience of young people weaned on civil defense drills and the efficacy of underground bomb shelters, to a public who had just lived through the Bay of Pigs Cuban missile crisis (and then the JFK assassination), Bond worked a sleight of hand, tucking international worry and national shame into his back pocket with a smile. Further, he offered more than rosy-colored escapism. Bond, in the age of the Pill, was potency. In the age of Camelot, he was glamour. And, in the age of Antonioni, Camus and existentialism for the masses, he was also tongue-in-cheek.

The movie Bonds captured mass imagination like nothing since Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan*. Connery made five sequels to *Dr. No—From Russia With Love* (1963), *Goldfinger* (1964), *Thunderball* (1965), *You Only Live Twice* (1967) and *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971). By 1965 the first three pictures had already earned more than $75 million at the box office. It didn't stop there. Bond began a trend toward spy flicks and spy TV series, not to mention a series of Bond products including trench coats, golf clubs, even a transistor radio that, at the touch of a button, became a rifle.

So potent was the initial connection between star and image that the public refused to accept Connery without his Bondface. What it once took Wayne or Cooper, Grant or Gable, years to do—to build up easy identification for audiences—was thrust on Connery after a couple of films. Removed from that specific framework, he was thought simply decorative, a sexual frivolity, though he consistently tried to countermand the Bond cartoon with varied and more substantial roles. In *Woman of Straw* (1964), he played the conniving nephew of an elderly millionaire; in Hitchcock's *Marnie* (1964), he played the patient husband trying to cure his kleptomaniac wife, Tippi Hedren; in Sidney Lumet's *The Hill* (1965), he was an inmate of a British military prison in North Africa during World War II; a coal miner in *The Molly Maguires* (1969) and a policeman who kills a child rapist in *The Offence* (1972).

But still, Bond wouldn't let go. Perhaps the non-Bond films were *too* varied and *too* serious; the public, who was paying to see Connery the romantic, instead got drama, "art" and an assortment of characters who nullified Bond but didn't replace him in the mind's imagination. The indifference shown Connery disproves the popular notion that stars command their audiences, no matter the vehicle; that axiom holds true only when a star who has built a certain image recreates and reinforces it with each succeeding film (Streisand in *For Pete's Sake*; Minnelli in *Lucky Lady*; Eastwood or Bronson in anything). In Connery's case, it was bad enough that nobody took the actor seriously; worse, nobody rushed to the box office to see him do anything other than Bond. Movies like *Shalako* (1968) and John Boorman's innovative failure *Zardoz* (1973) seemed to be ringing the death knell for a once-and-future movie star.

But, as the lingo goes, there's no biz like show biz. Now, in a space of less than two years, come four big ones: *Murder on the Orient Express* (a cameo); *The Wind and the Lion*, *The Man Who Would Be King* and *Robin and Marian* (the latter two currently collecting a combined box office of close to $10 million at neighborhood moviehouses). Suddenly Connery emerges as the most prolific male personality in the business, with a series of period pictures that seem to be in the vanguard of a new genre; moreover, the last three, all romantic fables about gritty and honorable older men, insist that the world take notice of Connery the actor. A star is reborn.

"I never doubted that the break would come eventually," Connery once explained about his success. "I was quite late in deciding to become an actor, you see—around 22—and most people by that time have already had a few years at their job, or contemplating it. So I didn't expect it soon. Everything I've done has had to be accomplished in my own cycle, my own time, on my own behalf and with my own sweat."

The son of working-class folks—back in Edinburgh his father was a van mover, his mother a charlady—Connery describes his background as "harsh." "One's parents left one free to make one's own way. When I was nine, my mother caught me smoking and she said, 'Don't let your father find out, because if he does, he'll beat you so hard he'll break your bottom.' From the time I started working at 13, I always paid my share of the rent, and the attitude at home was the prevalent one in Scotland—you make your own bed, and so you have to lie on it. I didn't ask for advice, and I didn't get it."

Connery initially came to London as Scotland's representative to the 1953 Mr. Universe Pageant, where he copped a bronze runner-up medal. As an actor, a stint in the chorus of the West End production of *South Pacific* the following year provided his first break. In 1956 he received national attention replacing Jack Palance as the broken-down boxer in a British TV production of Rod Serling's *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. A few small movie roles resulted in a contract with 20th-Century Fox, under whose auspices Connery was directed to less-

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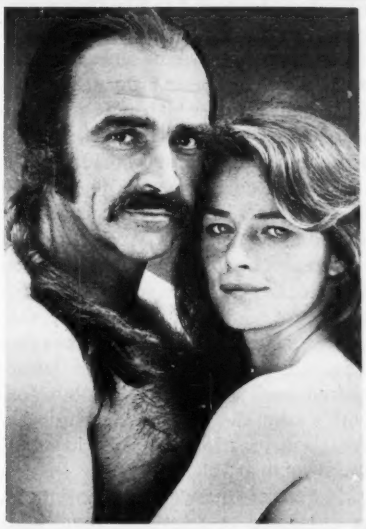
The Author of Popcorn Venus, *Marjorie Rosen last wrote for* NEW TIMES *on Lina Wertmuller.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PICTORIAL PARADE



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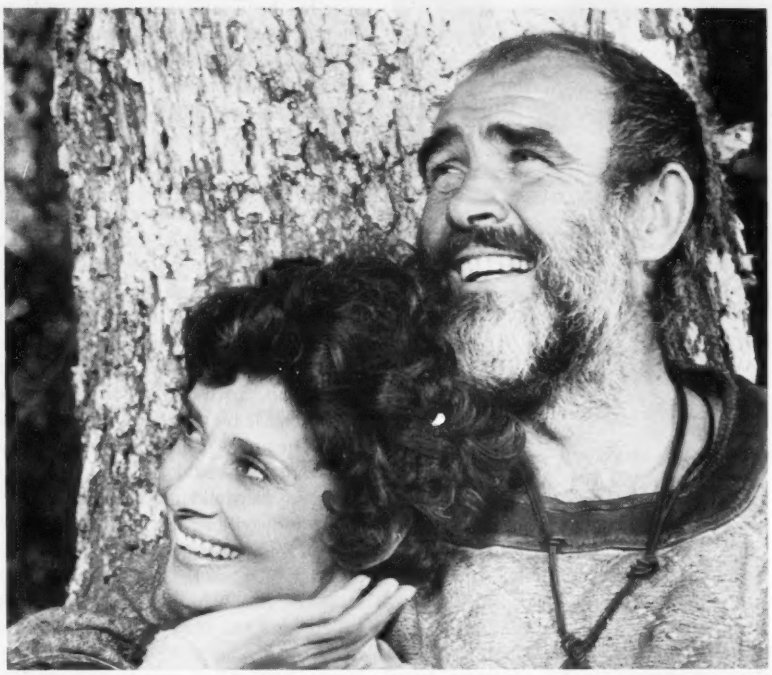
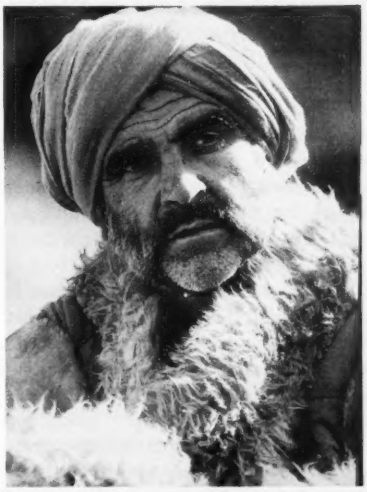


Connery's rites of passage: As .007—the sixties superstud—in *From Russia With Love* (top left); with Charlotte Rampling in *Zardoz* (top right); as Danny Dravot, the would-be King (below), and enjoying Robin Hood's sunset romance with Audrey Hepburn (lower left).



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAIN DEJEAN/SYGMA

than-monumental service in *Another Time, Another Place*, starring Lana Turner (1957), *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* for Disney (1959), *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure* (1959) and, finally, a small part in *The Longest Day* (1962). That same year, Connery was able to obtain a release from his contract. And along came Bond.

Bond, the cultural monolith. Can the arrogant Bond imprint accommodate this professional and seemingly reasonable personality who brought him to life? How does one extricate the man Connery from his celluloid shadow? What kind of person does he consider himself to be?

"Shy. Introspective." Yes, but all actors say that, even as they're donning fright wigs and mooning in Times Square.

Is he ever intimidated then? "At my age now, by very few people."

Yet at other times? other places? "Oh, *yes*. I can't imagine anybody who isn't occasionally intimidated. That kind of *chutzpah* doesn't exist." *Chutzpah* with a Scottish burr, a slight tightening of the glottal stop between syllables. "Some people just have the spirit to stand up against others, though indeed they're quaking inside," he allows. "It's quite natural to be intimidated. I don't know why everybody gets in such a fuss about it because it's normal.

"As far as being legitimized as an actor, to be perfectly honest, I think it's a case of the chicken or the egg. Which comes first?" Connery muses, forgetting how long he worked to break away from the Bond identification. "Frankly, image isn't of genuine concern for me because it's something determined by the public and critics. It just happens that the scripts I read and liked back-to-back were *The Wind and the Lion, The Man Who Would Be King, Robin and Marian*.

"I'm aware there are a great many actors who wouldn't play characters those ages, though I don't know why. To my way of thinking, not only are these roles marvelously written, but also, if a character is 50-odd, there are greater chances that more interesting

things have happened to him than a guy who's 30-odd. In *Robin and Marian*, Robin was required to be 50 in relationship to where he was in history. So I just grew out my beard, which quite naturally has a lot of white in it, didn't use makeup, wore the costume and was 50!"

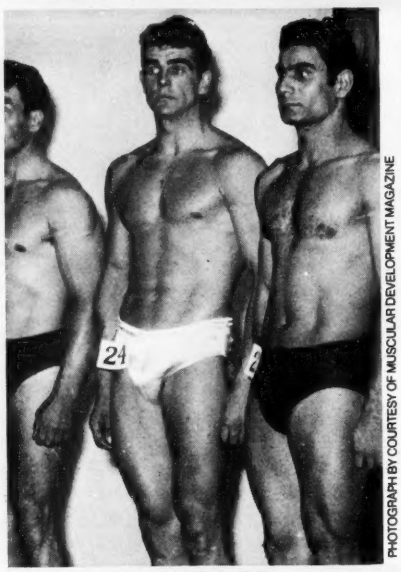
It's ironic that this ostensibly offhand process of selection has contributed to a new Connery persona and a rejuvenation, so to speak, of his box-office stock. Yet there's something terribly *au courant* and timely about the screen's middle-age mania. Whereas the sixties was definitely a period of flower children and adulation of youth for youth's sake, the seventies has brought with it a distrust for and disillusionment toward youth and glamour.

Further, the women's movement has attempted to demystify youth and glamour as the sole standards of female worth and attractiveness (though movies don't seem ready to extend their middle-age prerogatives to screen heroines). I don't think it's entirely farfetched to propose baldness—toupee-burning, if you will—as the masculine response to bra-burning. Letting it all hang out, so to speak. Going natural. A new "honesty" spawned by Esalen, encounter therapy and Age as a function of Ego. (So *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* becomes granddaddy to *Harry and Tonto*, both, appropriately, directed by the same man, Paul Mazursky.) And Ugliness as a function of ego as well. Love me *and* my warts. Love me *despite* my warts. Love me *because of* my warts. In *The Missouri Breaks*, Brando's whalelike presence is audacious; he is virtually thumbing his nose at Stanley Kowalski and the charismatic promise haunting him since critics discovered his "genius" over two decades ago.

It would be erroneous to suggest that the Connery persona presumes similar attitudes. It doesn't. Connery's screen presence sustains a much greater humility than Brando's and relies more on the image of the romantic hero we associate with Cooper or Gable. Connery's most recent protagonists—his Berber Raisuli (in *Wind*), Danny Dravot (in *King*) and Robin Hood—tip their hats to the Homeric literary concept of heroism that has been absent from the screen for almost two decades.

Indeed, we can uphold the modern anti-hero as a hallmark of modern angst; we can point out that heroism is a vision incompatible with a world in conflict about its values and speculate that today's only legitimate heroes fight in a media arena instead. But the Ellsbergs and Schorrs, the Bernsteins and Woodwards, make for tricky idols, since in our culture action precedes intellectual principle as the standard for excellence. And in the minds of the people, who, after all, anoint and crucify the hero, charges of snoop, traitor, gossip and snitch loom ever-present to tarnish whatever heroism is available to us in the real world. Therefore, it's no small feat that Connery has once again reestablished a language for screen heroism, resuscitating characters founded on traditional heroic attributes, on sentiments such as loyalty, leadership, prowess in combat, honor and excellence of character.

Every serious notion of heroism must automatically encompass other notions—of risk, persistence and, especially, death. Generally, a prerequisite to heroic death is youth, the end being more



PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT MAGAZINE

Connery (No. 24)
won a medal as a contestant in the 1953
Mr. Universe Pageant.

tragic when it comes too soon. This classical attitude has been borrowed by the movies as well, when they had heroes. If John Wayne (or Holden or Mitchum) has offered any exceptions in recent years, we accept these because we aren't really perceiving Wayne today, but the youthful Wayne of *Red River* and *Sands of Iwo Jima*. Connery's refinement or alteration of youth as a property of screen heroism, directing it toward the middle years instead, stands unique. For scars and toupees, nose and ear hairs notwithstanding, Connery's characters somehow manage to celebrate their years and skirt them, too. Age seems graceful, yet death is tragic, for it's a denial of life at its fullest, at the moment of greatest wisdom and achievement. "I'd never have a day like this again, would I?" Robin asks Marian on his way out. "It's better this way."

Interesting, too, that the heroic protagonist Connery has resurrected embodies both comic and tragic aspects of heroism. He's the silly warrior, both Don Quixote and Odysseus, the self-doubting and self-confident as one. Since the comic hero tends to be socialized in a more traditionally feminine mode (think of Chaplin's characters), he can communicate fears and doubts and insecurities that are endearing, humanizing. In this way Connery's current protagonists are drawing upon a sensibility that tends to expand, or challenge, traditional definitions of virility. "Do you love me?" Robin asks Marian. "Then say it." It's virtual anathema on screen for any male, let alone one of the heroic persuasion, to ask for reassurance; after all, reassurance has been interpreted as the sole domain of needy women. Robin, however, allows us inside his uncertainty. "You think I'm old. Grey and old," he accuses Marian, who is reluctant for him to undertake this last battle. "Well, I'm not. I'm all I ever was." Beneath the cool statement, the hero screams with fear.

But side by side with that fear is the heroic instinct, and that of the romantic as well. When Robin's swan song comes, it reveals a sentimentalist on the grand scale; here the sensibility even seems homosexual, with a sense of the sweeping gesture. "Gimme my bow. When this arrow falls, John, put us close, and leave us there. . . ," Robin says. The arrow soars into the white sky. Fred Astaire would have danced to it. John Wayne would have laughed at it.

It's striking how well-suited Sean Connery is, physically, to pioneer the tradition of mock hero, noble savage and sometimes-foolish godhead. A natural athlete and tall man with forearms the size of gangplanks, he has an enormous head, almost like a stone gargoyle, and large, peculiarly defined features. The small, hooded eyes sit nattily in broad, deep eye sockets; the wide, thin mouth is cruel, yet humorous. It's a face more comically mobile, foreboding and expressive than that of such box-office colleagues as Newman, Redford, Eastwood. It's a face too craggily structured and raw to ever play the disaffiliated schnook, yet it can embody great opposition. For on the map of this face live the hero, the menace and the fool—under one roof, so to speak. And Connery the actor seems to see no reason for denying any of them their time.

Which is quite a radical decision relative to the movie star persona. "Like comic strips, though seldom so simply,

movie stars also tend to become identified in the mass mind with one personality strand," Irving Howe wrote in *Notes on Mass Culture*. "Their status as stars is seldom secure unless they have developed one dominant emotional characteristic which serves the audience as an identifying sign. It is this characteristic that determines the emotional essence of a movie, as distinct from the surface subject.

"At most," Howe continues, "Hollywood allows several characters in a movie to represent conflicting emotional strands. Like all mass-culture media, it is neither able nor interested in grouping conflicting emotions within one character. From its point of view, that would be dangerous." Yet the Sean Connery persona we see on screen today offers direct contradiction to this ritual rule of moviemaking.

Somehow, although even school kids understand the difference between fantasy and reality, between the dazzling love object on screen and the scaled-down "real" person off, it's also inescapable that part of what we respond to in a movie actor corresponds with certain elements about the private being as well. To a degree, typecasting is unavoidable. Then, too, the man who acts makes certain decisions about the properties he undertakes, and he brings to the screen certain emotional baggage of his own—ironies, intelligences, perceptions, idiosyncracies. What, then, is there about Connery the man that informs his screen personality?

Most of all, there's that fundamental self-confidence. It's a confidence that seems to be predicated on certain vanities and impatience with others. The man may have to remove his toupee for the public to appreciate him as an actor, but the flip side of that honest and humble act suggests another sort of vanity as well—the star's firm belief that he will remain equally as irresistible with half a head of hair.

Perhaps Connery's cavalier attitude about image does provide latitude with respect to script decisions. Does he harbor any absolutes about what he would or wouldn't do on film? "Oh, well, I don't have any desire to do a pornographic movie. I don't *think* I have," he contends. "It would depend. I was given a script once to play a schoolteacher in Venice who gets involved in a drag act and discovers that he's gay. If it had been a good script, I would certainly have been interested in it."

When I relate a recent discussion in which a Hollywood agent claimed, first, that most male stars today require to be written into every scene of a film, despite the devastation it does to the narrative; and second, that no major male star would agree to do a love scene where the called-for response was impotence, the corners of Connery's mouth curl upward. "Both those statements seem ludicrous," he laughs. "Why not play someone who was impotent? If it's indigenous to the story, if it has a powerful explanation, I see no reason why not. The fact is that you could be so enamored with someone, you could become impotent; or the person could play such a severe game with you that it could make you impotent."

Ah, yes. But the American male star worries about image, about his screen persona. "Well, the only *Persona* I know about is Ingmar Bergman's, and I thought it was marvelous!"

Diplomatically, Connery maneuvers around the question of his screen image. "You say that now I'm being legitimized, recognized as an actor. In a way that's true. But all the time I've been working, I've only had my own yardstick to go by," he offers. "And the yardstick should be in terms of the material. Some assholes are making demands about all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the real problem. That is, you get a good script. And a good director, producer, actors and technicians. Then there's a good percentage chance you'll have a good film: you only make the real demands, the proper demands, however, when you know what your demand is."

"Taking off my toupee and playing older, not younger, doesn't seem to me to be particularly courageous," says Connery, "just honest"

Connery's history as an actor has included some quite incredible demands. For his services in *Diamonds Are Forever*, United Artists not only paid him a percentage plus $1 million, which he donated to The Scottish International Educational Trust, but also agreed to finance two films of his choice. The first was *The Offence* (1972), which Sidney Lumet directed from a screenplay by John Hopkins; and though the studio ascribed it a quick, cruel death, Connery regards it as his favorite picture to date. The second project has yet to be found, but this is one he plans to direct. "I'm looking for a comedy. A good situation comedy," he says. "I'd love to make it in Spain, near Marbella, where I live. But I don't plan to act in it unless it were a small part."

Before Connery can tackle either comedy or directing, however, his commitments include the star-studded World War II epic, *A Bridge Too Far*. Then he'll star in *The Devil Drives*, another project for *The Next Man*'s producer, Marty Bregman, in which Connery will portray anthropologist Sir Richard Burton, who discovered the source of the Nile, translated *The Arabian Nights* and enjoyed a fertile reputation as linguist, ladies' man and pornographer. Connery would also like to work on a film for Ingmar Bergman someday.

"The main thing for an actor or writer is not believability but the removal of time," Connery once observed. "Because I think the only occasions you really are enjoying yourself, being happy, swinging, as they say, are when you don't know what time it is—when you're totally absorbed in something. . . . When an artist can suspend time like that for an audience, he has succeeded."

Escapism, it's called. As Bond, Connery succeeded at providing it. As Danny Dravot, Raisuli and Robin Hood, he removes time in a similar way—through that romantic, heroic, swashbuckling resurrection of a genre we once thought had been buried with Errol Flynn.

Connery's new heroes perform a certain sleight of hand as well. One highly literate film critic recently walked out of *The Missouri Breaks*, complaining, "I'm tired of seeing these aging movie stars in these menopausal pictures. I don't want to go to the movies to be reminded of how old I'm getting."

The choice, then, would be to stop going to films or to put our heroes out to pasture when they reach 45—a little later than the current retirement age for screen heroines. Right now, however, playing old and showing warts is timely. Connery, more than any other wearying star today, manages to do it gracefully and without kicking movie magic in its lush white teeth.

Age has actually been good for his career. After all, he's back on his feet, working out a stardom more exciting, if less crazed, than that of his Bond days. But Connery professes indifference. "As I say," he shrugs, "image has nothing to do with it. I've only my own judgment as yardstick to go by. But I must assume that the more work I do and the better the subject matter and people involved on the project, the better I shall become. Otherwise, what's the point in going on?" ●

Warren Zevon's fine first round

By Kit Rachlis

Los Angeles has long held a special place in the American imagination. Like a neon light burning over the cultural landscape, it attracts artists as if they were moths. For Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald, two of the city's harshest literary chroniclers, Los Angeles is America gone amok, a city where vengeance turns on a dime and moral abdication is a form of prayer, a city whose name—City of Angels—is a bad joke. It's a joke that singer-songwriter Warren Zevon knows all too well. On *Warren Zevon*, his first album for Asylum Records, he has drawn an emotional portrait of Los Angeles that is a tragic-comic masterpiece. Like Philip Marlowe and Lew Archer, Zevon stalks the city armed only with a romantic heart, a cynical eye and a hard-boiled grin.

Zevon manages to transform the outlaw, the most hackneyed of rock 'n' roll clichés, into a complex and contradictory image central to the album. Opening with an heroic ballad ("Frank And Jesse James") and closing with a tragic satire ("Desperados Under The Eaves"), Zevon simultaneously elevates and punctures the outlaw myth. The album comes full circle: western theme music dissolves into the hum of an air-conditioner; the son of a gambler ("Mama Couldn't Be Persuaded"), Zevon winds up playing solitaire ("Carmelita"). But as a true rock 'n' roller, he finds solace in music ("Mohammed's Radio," a triumphant anthem to rock 'n' roll).

As impressive as the record is, it pales in comparison to Zevon's live performance. Beginning his month-long East Coast tour at The Bottom Line in New York, Zevon turned his opening night nerves into a jacked-up, no-holds-barred triumph. He commanded the stage as if he were Sam Peckinpah directing *The Wild Bunch*. (He introduced his three-piece band as "The Killer Elite.") If the album left some doubt about his vocals, his performance quickly dispelled it. Gesturing with his fist and pounding the piano, he grabbed every song and shook it down for all it was worth. Donning his electric guitar ("The part of the show I like the most"), he played tough, arrogant rock 'n' roll on songs that on the album seem like throwaways ("Poor Poor Pitiful Me"; "Join Me In L.A.").

Zevon, who was born in Chicago but has lived most of his life in Los Angeles, has been playing rock 'n' roll for years. "The route I took is a pretty traditional one," he says. "I had classical piano lessons for a year and played folk music when I was in high school. I listened a lot to the Clancy Brothers and John Hammond. Hammond was a real strong influence. His records were like revelations. He led me to blues and to the English guitar groups like Cream and the Yardbirds."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK PULIN

Zevon at New York's Bottom Line: a jacked-up, no-holds-barred triumph.

In 1970 Zevon made a record for now-defunct Imperial Records that by his own account left the pressing plant and immediately entered the dust bins. It's an album he would rather forget. "The whole thing was a horror show," he says. "I was in my psychedelic blues period. I played almost all the instruments myself, wrote most of the songs in the studio and turned it out in three days." Zevon, who had been making the rounds at L.A. clubs, was then asked by the Everly Brothers to join their band. He stayed with the brothers, eventually acting as band leader, until they broke up in 1973. "It's where I got my seasoning. Don and Phil taught me what it was like to be on the road."

For the next two years he earned his living as a pianist and solo performer along the West Coast bar circuit. He also signed a songwriting contract with Asylum Records. "That was a mistake. I can't write under deadlines and I didn't produce very much, which I felt horrible about. But it paid the rent for the year." Though his reputation as a songwriter was growing—his longtime friend Jackson Browne was performing several of his songs in concert—Zevon and his wife decided to move to Spain. "I wasn't sure where things were going and I had nothing to do." He stayed in Europe a year, ending his sojourn when Asylum Records, at Browne's urging, offered him a recording contract last fall.

Surprisingly, Zevon is extraordinarily lacking in California influences. Though Jackson Browne produced the album and several of the Eagles contribute backup vocals, Zevon owes little to their romanticism. Nor does he stake claim to the exuberant hedonism of the Beach Boys. In fact, he stands closer to Randy Newman, Neil Young and Bob Dylan, but by his own admission he has paid little attention to their work. What distinguishes his writing is a surrealistic, deadpan humor ("And if California slides into the ocean/Like the mystics and statistics say it will/I predict this motel will be standing/Until I pay my bill") and an emphasis on violence that is both cathartic ("I'll Sleep When I'm Dead") and self-destructive ("French Inhaler").

Zevon's album is not without its problems. It does not provide a production sound to match the lyrics. Browne is far too cautious a producer, settling for protection instead of power, highlighting the backup vocals instead of the guitar. While this approach enhances the two romantic ballads ("Backs Turned Looking Down The Path" and "Hasten Down The Wind," both of which would be the stand-out songs on almost anybody else's record), it undercuts Zevon's tougher, more comic material.

Part of Zevon's appeal is the knowledge that he will only improve. He is already like a good boxer: he comes at you from all directions; he jabs with his romanticism, sits back on the ropes and challenges with his humor; his combinations are straight rock 'n' roll. He's a championship contender who's only completed his first round.

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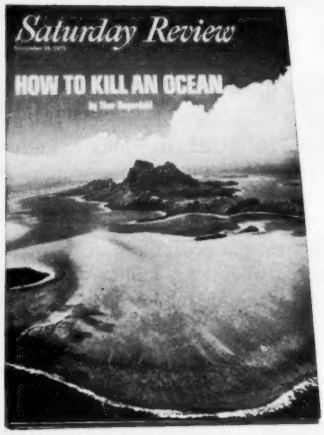

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Books

Wrestling with the anaconda

By Geoffrey Wolff

Parthian Shot *by Loyd Little.* Viking (278 pp., $8.95).

This first novel was published more than a year ago, without huzzahs. If Viking did not escort *Parthian Shot* from its offices shortly before midnight of a Sunday, look cautiously up and down Madison Avenue to ascertain that it was empty of witnesses and whisper *here it is, read it,* neither did the publisher take pains to force Loyd Little's book on the world's attention. And so it sank, like most first novels, like a small stone dropped from among a handful into a well, making an almost audible plop but no visible ripple.

And then, as sometimes magically happens, it rose again. People who have experienced Vietnam, where the book is set, began to talk about it, and last month it won the $6,000 Ernest Hemingway Foundation Award for an American first work of fiction that had been unjustifiably neglected* during 1975. The miracle is not that a novel about Americans in Vietnam should be neglected but that it has now been attended. Moreover, *Parthian Shot* is set not at the war's end, about which some news might conceivably be brought, but at its beginning—for Americans—in 1964 and 1965, so long ago and far from fashion that the title's invocation of ancient Parthia (whose horsemen baffled the enemy by shooting their arrows backward while in counterfeit—perhaps counterfeit— flight) seems less quaint than just.

The story is told by Warren, medic with a Special Forces A team that has, by a bureaucratic bungle, been abandoned and cut off from the Saigon bureaucracy by the flooding Mekong River. The group thus isolated is believed to have been returned to the United States, and when it appeals by radio to Saigon for an airlift by helicopter, it is believed, most improbably, to be a cadre of Viet Cong impersonating American soldiers, a plot device that requires a heroic suspension of disbelief.

The motif is one of isolation, abandonment and recreation. As in *Lord of the Flies* or *Swept Away* or *Robinson Crusoe,* the world is discovered as if for the first time, and refashioned. This is life lived afloat, as on the *Pequod* or on Huck's raft, with fresh priorities and hierarchies. On one side are the Viet Cong, on the other their enemies, and caught between but bobbing free of both, the village of Nan Phuc, near the Cambodian border. There, under the direction of a black American who believes himself to be the blood kinsmen of Orientals, the villagers produce Viet Cong flags, which they sell (having first shot them full of holes) to Americans as souvenirs of battles, and to the Viet Cong as flags. There also, the narrator tends the sick and is worshipped as a saint after he is seen and photographed water-skiing on the Mekong as he returns enemy fire, walking, that is, upon the waters, armed.

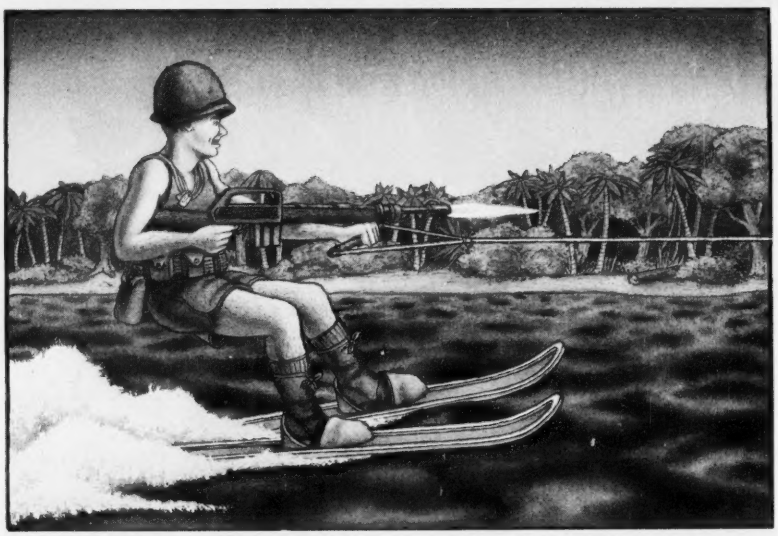

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

The other members of the Special Forces team are stock figures from Ernie and Gomer Pyle, lovable dogfaces, foul-mouthed, horny, distraught, making a show of cynicism while in their soft and secret hearts in love with The People. This affection for the victims of war is clearly shared by Loyd Little with his narrator, and it is *Parthian Shot*'s greatest virtue, overcoming the book's many and manifest vices of language and characterization. It is a felt rather than imposed affection, and when the narrator declares of Vietnam, "This is my country. . . . My delta. . . the land was beautiful," he has earned possession of the sentiment, as when he much later says that while he and his fellows may not have won the war or the hearts and minds of the people, "they had won our hearts and minds."

Parthian Shot is respectful of the details of Vietnamese life in a Vietnamese village, and a little less than a third of the way through, at the beginning of chapter seven, it takes on a confidence and precision that its earlier pages lack. But it is not as well made as it is designed, and this is perhaps because it was written beneath the monumental arch of *Catch-22,* and Little may be forgiven for frequently losing his way among the shadows thrown by that huge presence.

The Indochina war has many times, too many times, been perceived as a geopolitical enactment of Joseph Heller's wacky imagination, and so, to the degree that *Parthian Shot* imitates the logic of *Catch-22,* it may be said to resemble the realities of the war it studies. It is one thing, however, to poke with a long stick the bugs and lizards and leeches of *Catch-22*'s logical progressions, and another and far more dangerous dare to wrestle with the anaconda of Heller's plot, which crushes Little's and swallows it whole.

*Also cited were *Family Style* (Atheneum) by David Eames; *Other People's Lives* (Knopf) by Johanna Kaplan; *Rocking* (Harper & Row) by Rosalind Wright and *Native Intelligence* (Harper & Row) by Raymond Sokolov, reviewed by me with high excitement in *New Times* (May 30, 1975).

Catch-22 exploits the conceit of Milo Minderbinder, who trades without prejudice with consumers on both sides of the battle line, and sells stock in his enterprise. Ditto Santee and Major Choi and "Hoa Hao Unlimited Ltd." *Catch-22* has its White Soldier, a heap of bandages thrown upon a hospital bed, to whom a white Southerner speaks without cease till he is told the bandages encase a black man. (They, in fact, encase a dead body, or nothing, or maybe a white man burned black.) *Parthian Shot* has the black man who believes himself to be white, sort of, and a white man persuaded that he is black. Into Heller's White Soldier drips stuff from a bottle, and from the hole at the crotch of his bandage pokes a glass tube that carries stuff, as clear as what enters, to another bottle. Sometimes the bottles are switched. In *Parthian Shot* a latrine has been rigged at the end of a dock and above a moat: "The latrine embodied a fine symbiotic relationship. We shit through chairs with no seats in them. The fish ate the shit and we ate the fish." In *Catch-22* Milo Minderbinder, for the sake of good business, provokes an attack by the Germans on his own airbase. In *Parthian Shot* Chinese mercenaries, Nungs, fight Chinese mercenaries, also Nungs. One group is on the payroll of the Viet Cong, the other of the government.

Catch-22 does not merely tug persistently at this novel's sleeve; it controls it. Everyone out there, *Parthian Shot* means to say, is crazy. We only seem crazy. We are sane. Everyone out there worships death; we worship life. To survive, the villagers call upon the resources of the Rand Corporation for guidance, and in a bit of plot business that is improbable and unjustified (unlike Heller's controlled slapstick), the Rand wizards offer advice: walk the line between the opposing sides and appear to cooperate with both. And so the villagers do, provoking the best scene in *Parthian Shot*, a confrontation between an American general and a Viet Cong general, each of whom believes the other is a defector impersonating a general.

If the entire novel were as well managed as this scene, Little's achievement would be formidable. But *Parthian Shot* is frequently defaced by clichés, by characters who get "a strange look" in their eyes, or whose eyes are "beady" or "deep-set," hiding "more than they revealed." When violence turns terminal, the ghost of Mike Hammer may be heard: "The man was a Viet Cong and he was very dead." The tough sarge, Top, is from the movies, which, as many have noted, too accurately reflect Army life. He calls the narrator "Shithead," except when he is very serious, and kid-stuff vulgarity, focusing on excretia and tits ("two mouth-watering globes"), is the fiction's controlling idiom. There is a heavy burden of jargon and acronym—CIDG, MAAG, GVN, ETS, OCS and TO&E—and sometimes Little's characters do not speak the speech of human beings: Ho is said by an enlisted man to be "playing China off against Russia to get guns and to keep from being forced into the arms of either one. Sometimes I think we should've made a deal with Ho to set up an independent Vietnam favorably disposed toward the U.S. A wedge between China and Russia. Then other times. . . ."

Parthian Shot has, by design, two endings, the first happy. The villagers are busy making flags, bras and money, and feeding useless bits of intelligence to both armies. The Americans, except two who choose to stay, return to America. The second ending is an exact illustration of a precept once given by *National Lampoon* in a how-to-write-a-novel course. Do you have a story with a character named Jim who has six friends? Are you stuck for an ending? Try this: *Jim and his friends were crossing a street, when they were hit by a truck and killed.* In *Parthian Shot*'s second ending, the village is destroyed by an American bombing raid on the wrong target, by an accident, friendly fire.

But that's the way it was there! No less awful ending would be true, or believable. As one of David Halberstam's characters says in his wonderful (and early) novel, *One Very Hot Day*: "You do all the right things, and still it makes no difference." As a Vietnamese villager says to an American soldier in that same book: "We will be poorer when you leave. . . . We always are." These truths are Loyd Little's. That he so conspicuously and poignantly wishes them otherwise is a virtue not only of character but of art. And so *Parthian Shot*, in thrall to *Catch-22*, sometimes clunkingly written, a dogface revue we have seen before, time out of mind, trading in toilet japes and rough ironies, is that rare and wonderful thing: a generous book.

Movies

Bisontennial cerebration

By Richard Corliss

Some directors make movies as if they're working out elaborate geometric equations; Robert Altman throws parties. Rowdy frat-house parties (*M*A*S*H*), pipe-dream pot parties (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), come-as-you-were parties (*The Long Goodbye*), dollar-a-card bingo parties (*California Split*). His most characteristic films have been events, happenings, with Altman playing the genial, indulgent host who'd choose the evening's theme but encourage his guests—the actors and the audience—to bring along their own talents and rhythms to help make the party come alive. When they work, Altman's movies are both demanding and exhilarating: your mind and eye are constantly on the move to catch some eccentric bit player doing his number on the edge of the frame, against the dramatic flow. And at their best, through some happy combination of form and informality, of intent and accident, they're the best kind of American movies of the seventies. And the most American.

But in the last year or so, Altman has given up tending bar and mounted the pulpit—which is a shame, since his sermons aren't nearly so lively as his soda water. *Nashville*'s polyphonic structure (its 24-voice choir, belting out country laments in accents full of twangy catarrh) couldn't obscure its message: that America has gone simultaneously psychotic and soft. His earlier films were peopled with small-time nasties, failed hustlers, marginal types whose dreams would have been most folks' darkest fears; but they weren't either venal or dumb, like most of the characters in *Nashville*, and they never gave you the feel-

Continued on page 69

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Continued from page 67

ing they were in the movie just to help the director deliver a message. The title of Altman's new movie, **Buffalo Bill and the Indians, Or: Sitting Bull's History Lesson,** is ominous; it suggests that he's succumbed to the same fashionable cynicism, this time pitting the Noble Savage against a white man who speak with forked tongue and knife up sleeve. But not quite. A lot of the excitement of *Buffalo Bill* comes from watching Altman skate toward a platitude and then, somehow, sail over it, his *chutzpah* freeing him from the force of liberal gravity. It's a movie whose audacity you can respect as much as its achievements.

It's 1885 in the Wild West, and Col. William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, heroic Indian Scout, has signed the great Sioux Chief Sitting Bull, the Killer of Custer, to appear in Cody's star-spangled rodeo. Worlds collide at the meeting of these two titans: Buffalo Bill, "the true monarch of genuity," a star in the Western firmament, as handsome as Paul Newman (who plays him), as veracious as Abraham Lincoln; and Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts), tempered in the steel of battle with the Seventh Cavalry and aged in the serene wisdom of his timeless race. Bull has joined forces with Bill because of a dream that the Great White Father would visit the Wild West Show and satisfy Bull's demand to treat his people with honor. When President Cleveland declares himself unable to meet this demand, Sitting Bull goes away to die. But the Show must go on—and it does, with Bull's trusted interpreter carrying on his nation's proud tradition.

Anyway, that's the plot as it might be described by Cody's publicists. Fact is, very little of the above is fact—like most of American history, Altman is telling us, and especially American Indian history. We knew, from our youth, that the Indians were those colorful primitives played by white actors in western movies (Jeff Chandler as Cochise, Chuck Conners as Geronimo, Victor Mature as Chief Crazy Horse). Real Indians were extras not just in the movies but in the textbooks: historians euphemized imperialism into "manifest destiny" and genocide into "the winning of the West."

But came the revision (in the last decade or so), and we built the Indian into an adobe icon, standing erect, tragic and trusting, against his blue-eyed betrayer. The Indian was no longer a cigar-store statue, but he was still a to-

tem, a bundle of abstractions and not of human contradictions. In *Buffalo Bill* Altman tries hard to make his Indians come alive, but the revisionist line defeats him. Having rejected the caricature of the red Stepin Fetchit, Altman can't quite transcend the image of the red Sidney Poitier. If our sympathy is with the Indians, our interest is drawn to those pompous, dissembling rascals in Cody's troupe who put a mirror up to our past and do their damnedest to convince us it was glorious.

The film is salted with bromides that, none too subtly, hint at Altman's themes and strategies. Among them:

"Truth is whatever gets the most applause." Buffalo Bill's image has no substance—or rather, it *is* his substance. The great marksman shoots with buckshot; his Custer-like mane is a toupee; he can't track down a handful of Indians who aren't even hiding from him and he's a flop in the sack. Sitting Bull has substance but no image: he's fully 5 feet tall and as prepossessing as an old-world granny. It's Bull's interpreter, William Halsey (Will Sampson), who perfectly fits the white man's idea of a formidable red foe. But to Bill's entrepreneurial imagination, the truth is the most negligible of challenges. At the end of the film, Cody as Custer reenacts the Battle of Little Big Horn with Halsey as Sitting Bull—and this time, to the cheers of the Wild West audience, Custer wins. There's no business like Sioux business.

"It was the thrill of my life to have invented you." Ned Buntline (Burt Lancaster) says this to Bill, and the old dime novelist may be right: his stories created a legend of the wily frontiersman that everyone, Cody included, wanted desperately to believe, and that may have been as close to the "truth" of Cody's life as fan-mag fantasies about Newman's life are to his. Then Nate Salsbury (Joel Grey), the Wild West Show's managing director, took up the Buffalo Bill image and carnivalized it—"Cody-fied" it, to use Nate's word—turning it into a three-ring circus of purple prose and petty cons. By the time the film begins, Bill is entirely Nate's creation, his creature: as Bill delivers a welcoming speech to Sitting Bull, Nate silently mouths the phrases he has given his star to memorize. But the film's other two most prominent historical personages are also figures of other men's fiction. President Cleveland (Pat McCormick) consults his traveling speechwriter (played by E.L. Doctorow—yes, the author of *Ragtime*) whenever he needs *le mot injuste* to abort Sitting Bull's requests for help and understanding. And the Great Indian has his own legend-maker: Halsey, who is as much the Chief's mind as his mouthpiece. Showman, statesman, red man, all three images are streaked with grease paint. Sitting Bull just has the best press agent.

"It's a man like that that made this country what it is today." So says President Cleveland of Buffalo Bill, in a line that falls at your feet with a thud, stares up at you and begs to be taken home as the soul of the movie's concern. It isn't, but in its klutzy way it restates *Nashville*'s most ponderous thesis. To wit: entertainers (like Bill here and the Roy Acuff figure in *Nashville*) tell us white lies about ourselves,

How the West got packaged: Paul Newman (Bill Cody) negotiates with Will Sampson (the Interpreter) while Frank Kaquitts (Sitting Bull) appears unconcerned in Altman's *Buffalo Bill*.

and we believe them; politicians (like President Cleveland and the mysterious presidential candidate in *Nashville*) tell us rouged-up black lies about our country and, against all experience, we still believe *them*. When, in the sixties, we briefly awoke from this delusion, it was reality that seemed like a bad dream. So we've gone back to sleep, in a Bicentennial coma, just as in the film Bill's moment of truth—when he comes face to face with his own lustrous vacuity—drives him momentarily insane. In *Nashville* this sweeping premise tripped Altman up. What was meant as a tone of national self-criticism became one of regional condescension ("That's not us on the screen, just a gang of freaked-out hillbillies"). He wound up with the kind of movie Pauline Kael used to call a "hate letter to America." Fortunately, *Buffalo Bill* has too much going on in it—and going for it—to allow this righteous cynicism to dominate the movie. You don't have to hate yourself to like it.

The show business "ain't all that different from real life." And Altman puts on some kind of a show. Imagine Johnny Carson going berserk throwing laugh lines and insults at an impossibly stoic Cesar Chavez, and you have some notion of the high comedy the movie is capable of when Buffalo Bill knocks his head against the butte of Sitting Bull's imperturbability. Most of the cast (notably Joel Grey, Burt Lancaster, Kevin McCarthy as a loquacious flack) shows a spieler's love for the American language, especially when it can be seduced out of shape and meaning. And around them, as in the best Altman films, are dozens of sideshows worth attention. Every shot has enough visual and verbal information packed in it to give your senses a contact high. Altman throws privileged moments around like a drunken cowboy, never letting you sit back and say "Wow!" at any single memorable image. You say "Wow!" after it's over.

"I guess nostalgia ain't what it used to be." Altman is out to break legends, including those that every movie star carries around with him. Paul Newman seems ill at ease among the pranksters, but that makes a kind of sidelong sense: like Buffalo Bill, Newman has been locked into a star persona he can rail against but not escape. It must have been tempting for Altman to cast an actor of greater emotional range in the part, but Newman's inability to carry off his big "King Lear scene" can be seen as Bill's failure to be a convincing actor—even in convincing himself he's gone mad. When Warren Beatty, as Altman's McCabe, said, "I got poetry in me," you could believe it; Beatty's flinty ego, and the sprung rhythm of his washed-out idealism, made you believe it. Newman's persona is breezy, arrogant, but incorrigibly prosaic; only those translucent blue eyes suggest something else, something deeper. And until the end of *Buffalo Bill*, he keeps them hooded in an off-blue funk. Only then, as Bill stands astride a "defeated Sitting Bull" (Halsey), do those eyes light up with the glow of a salesman triumphant in the knowledge that he's put over the ultimate con. Look for that glow when the Democrats crown their presidential candidate, and ask yourself if truth isn't whatever gets the most applause.

Food

The nuttiest butter/By Ruth Rosenbaum

Peanut butter is disarming. A few years ago, a loving Connecticut mother sent her son, who was serving a 10-to-20-year prison rap, a large jar of peanut butter. No one suspected a gun was hidden inside, and the boy made his escape. Apple pie they would have checked.

Peanut butter may be more American than apple pie: outside the U.S., there are few who understand our 650-million-pound-a-year devotion to it. A traveling peanut butter lover should stick to Holland and Canada, the only places where per capita consumption comes close to ours.

Asians and Africans use peanut butter, but in un-American ways. In Ghana a soup with peanut butter, fish, meat and vegetables is traditionally eaten on Sundays after church. Indonesian specialties include a peanut butter sauce for shish kebab, peanut butter fritters (*peyek*), a peanut butter salad dressing (*gado gado*) and candy made of peanut butter and brown sugar. But no sandwiches.

The peanut butter sandwich is an American specialty, and—predictably—an especially American way of making the sandwich has been developed. About two years ago, a company in Wisconsin invented an automated peanut butter and jelly sandwich machine, which turns out 100 per minute, already wrapped and ready to be frozen and distributed to schools. The consumer can already buy jars of peanut butter pre-marbled with veins of jelly. There may soon be individually wrapped peanut butter slices sitting in the dairy case next to processed cheese. Expect, too, some enticing variations with chocolate or butterscotch chips, or bits of dried apricots.

Actually, peanut butter is protected from the worst extremes of processing by a 1971 Food and Drug Administration standard. The need for a standard was recognized in 1959, when the FDA found that Procter & Gamble's Jif contained 75 percent peanuts, 20 percent Crisco, some sugar and—a closely guarded secret at the time—artificial butter flavoring. Ruth Desmond of the Federation of Homemakers, a persistent opponent of the manufacturers, called it "peanut-flavored face cream." Now, anything called peanut butter must contain 90 percent peanuts and must *not* contain any artificial flavoring or sweetener, chemical preservative, color additive or added vitamin. Considering what has happened to most foods after 100 years in the U.S., peanut butter has remained relatively intact.

There are those who claim peanut butter was a North American brainstorm and simply did not exist before 1890. At that time a suspiciously anonymous St. Louis doctor, trying to find an easily digestible high-protein food for his patients, allegedly ran some peanuts through his meat grinder, added a pinch of salt and beheld the world's first batch of peanut butter. But independent inventions had already taken place in other parts of the world.

"ECCH! YOU'RE RIGHT, JOEY...PEANUT BUTTER AN' JELLY SAMWICHES ARE BETTER WITHOUT SALAMI!"

In South America, where the peanut is thought to have originated (seeds found in Inca tombs date from 950 B.C.), natives have been grinding out a thick pasty peanut butter, and mixing it with cocoa and honey, for centuries. And in Asia and Africa, where the peanut spread by way of Spanish explorers before it finally came to North America on African slave ships, it is unlikely that people sat, peanuts and pestles ready, waiting for word from St. Louis.

Even right beneath the good doctor's nose, in Georgia, peanut butter-making had been going on for some time according to a note in the Savannah press in 1883. But the 1890s did mark the beginning of peanut butter's popularity in the U.S. By 1900, grocers in both the North and South were ladling the product out by the pound from big tubs, stirring the oil that rose to the top before serving each customer. In the 1920s peanut butter with sweeteners and hydrogenated fats to prevent oil separation began to eclipse the sale of the simple peanuts and salt mixture. But "Old Fashioned" peanut butter has recently come back into style, and many people are making it at home with a kitchen grinder or a Salton peanut butter machine. The adventurous eater is also discovering butters made from roasted unsalted cashews, almonds, pecans and Brazil nuts.

People may be switching to old-style peanut butter, but other consumers prefer the processed variety. Wild North American birds annually devour about 10 million pounds of peanut butter mixed with feed, so one large bird feed manufacturer in cooperation with the Georgia Experiment Station decided to poll his clients. In a grove of large trees, birds were offered, buffet-style, 12 entrees varying in type of peanut butter and amount of grain used. Peanut butter made from roasted, blanched (skinned) nuts with hydrogenated fat added was the favorite, because it didn't stick so much to the roof of the beak. Birds like their peanut butter plain—spread on tree trunks or packed into holes and crevices, or served with grain in feeders.

Peanut butter is a very cheap source of protein, but not many adults can afford 5.80 calories per gram. To wear off the 580 calories in 6 tablespoons of peanut butter, a 128-pound woman can try exercising her jaws for 24½ hours, dressing and undressing for 14 hours or (this one should be carried out only under a doctor's care) washing dishes for 9 hours.

You can use peanut butter to make peanut milk (as vegetarians have for decades), Southern peanut butter soup (served in the House of Representatives' dining room and in many restaurants), peanut butter pies, patés, burgers, breads and pancakes.

A more novel use for peanut butter was created by Senator Barry Goldwater, who once tried a peanut butter lather. "If you don't mind smelling like a peanut for two or three days," he says, "it's a darn good shaving cream." ●

Final Tribute

A pat on the back for the Good Ole Boys/By John Egerton

A "good old boy" is somebody who's compatible with the group. I feel just as much at home around Billy's [his brother's] filling station as I do in a black Baptist Church, as I do with the big-shot Texas businessman.

—From a *New York Times* interview with Jimmy Carter

There is not a more enduring character in all the mythology of American folklore than the Good Ole Boy. The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit can't hold a candle to him. Neither can the Beatnik-Hippie-Longhair-Freak, the Jet Set, the Watermelon-Eating Darkie.

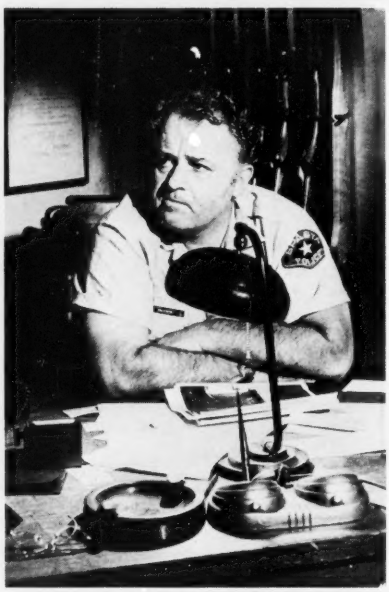
There were Good Ole Boys in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *God's Little Acre* and *The Sound and the Fury*. More recently, they have been immortalized in nonfiction by Paul Hemphill and Florence King and the erstwhile Southern Mafia at *Harper's*, in fiction by James Dickey and William Price Fox and Jesse Hill Ford, in music by Waylon Jennings and Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson, in the movies by Burt Reynolds and Rod Steiger and James Garner, in politics by Lyndon Johnson and Lester Maddox and Fred Harris.

What do all these real and imaginary characters have in common? Well, they're all Southern white males, that's for sure, and some folks say they talk funny. Beyond that, the definition you get depends on whom you ask. Good Ole Boys can be bad, mean and ugly; they can also be good, funny and harmless. The saving virtue of the Good Ole Boy stereotype, paradoxically enough, is its flexibility. If you have to ask who belongs to the club and who doesn't, you'll probably never understand the qualifications for membership.

There is something approaching poetic justice in the fact that the civil rights movement and subsequent drives for equality liberated the Good Ole Boy from infamy. Before all that happened, he was first and foremost a white racist, and nothing else about him, however favorable, counted for much. Now, the Good Ole Boy who manages to shed the baggage of bigotry is widely admired for his humor and his eccentricity.

I know a Good Ole Boy from Mississippi who chews tobacco and wears cowboy boots and sets his own poetic sermons of radical theology to music. And one from Georgia who likes cockfights and wins national awards for his distinctive photography. I know some blacks who are bona fide Good Ole Boys, and even some women who are fully deserving of the appellation.

Suddenly, as it were, closet Good Ole Boys are coming out everywhere, and I am instinctively cheered by that development. To my way of thinking, Good Ole Boys shorn of their racism are interesting and unpredictable individuals who help us to ward off the ill effects of our cookie-cutter culture.



All the same, there is something vaguely disquieting to me in this phenomenon of spreading respectability. Good Ole Boys are *in*. Even in New York and Hollywood, the founts of our mass-communicated knowledge, it has become almost routine for big-name "personalities" to exhibit the mannerisms and the accoutrements of Good Ole Boys. As luck would have it, we might even inaugurate next January a president who wears brogans and an overall jacket and grows peanuts.

Jimmy Carter could make us a fine president. There is much about him that I like, and I am certainly pleased to see a non-racist Southerner win his way to the political summit, fair and square. But a Good Ole Boy Jimmy is not; he lacks the sense of humor and he's too much of a loner, too much the single-minded politician. Besides, that overall jacket just doesn't look right on him—and I simply can't imagine him saying something like, "Where you from, boy? Where'd yo daddy hunt?" The danger is not that Carter will try to *pass* as a Good Ole Boy, but rather that people will try to *make* him one. (After all, don't we persist even now in stressing Abraham Lincoln's log cabin origin?)

The growing popularity of Good Ole Boys may be the first indication of their imminent demise; the fact that they're *in* could well mean that they're on their way *out*, hastened to the exit by the bootmakers and the hatmakers and the bluejeans industry and the pickup truck people and the creators of such characters as Jimmy Joe Jeeter, Gator McKlusky, Marcel Ledbetter, Billy Joe McAllister.

On the fate of the Good Ole Boys, as on most things Southern, it is possible to reach at least two diametrically opposed conclusions. One is that their popularization is harmless and inconsequential; they are, after all, more imagined than real, and there's no reason why anyone who wants to shouldn't be able to play the role. Another is that Good Ole Boys are larger than life, and their threatened demise is one more distressing sign that everything distinctive about the South—its positive qualities as surely as its negative ones—is being sucked into the maw of the Great American Duplicating Machine.

A third possibility was suggested to me recently by a Good Ole Boy acquaintance of mine. We had just seen Burt Reynolds playing the leading role in *W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings*. At Mack's Cafe, we ordered a couple of Blue Ribbons, and my friend dropped a quarter in the jukebox and punched Cal Smith's "Hello, Country Bumpkin" three times.

"You know what?" Billy Earl said thoughtfully, after he had taken a long swig from his bottle. "I don't know whether ole Burt Reynolds an' them are helpin' us or hurtin' us."

"Well, if you ask me," I replied, "I'd say the Good Ole Boys have just about had it."

Billy Earl finished off his beer and waved two fingers at Beatrice behind the bar. Then he grinned.

"Naw, not th' real ones," he said. "They ain't dead. They're just playin' possum." ●